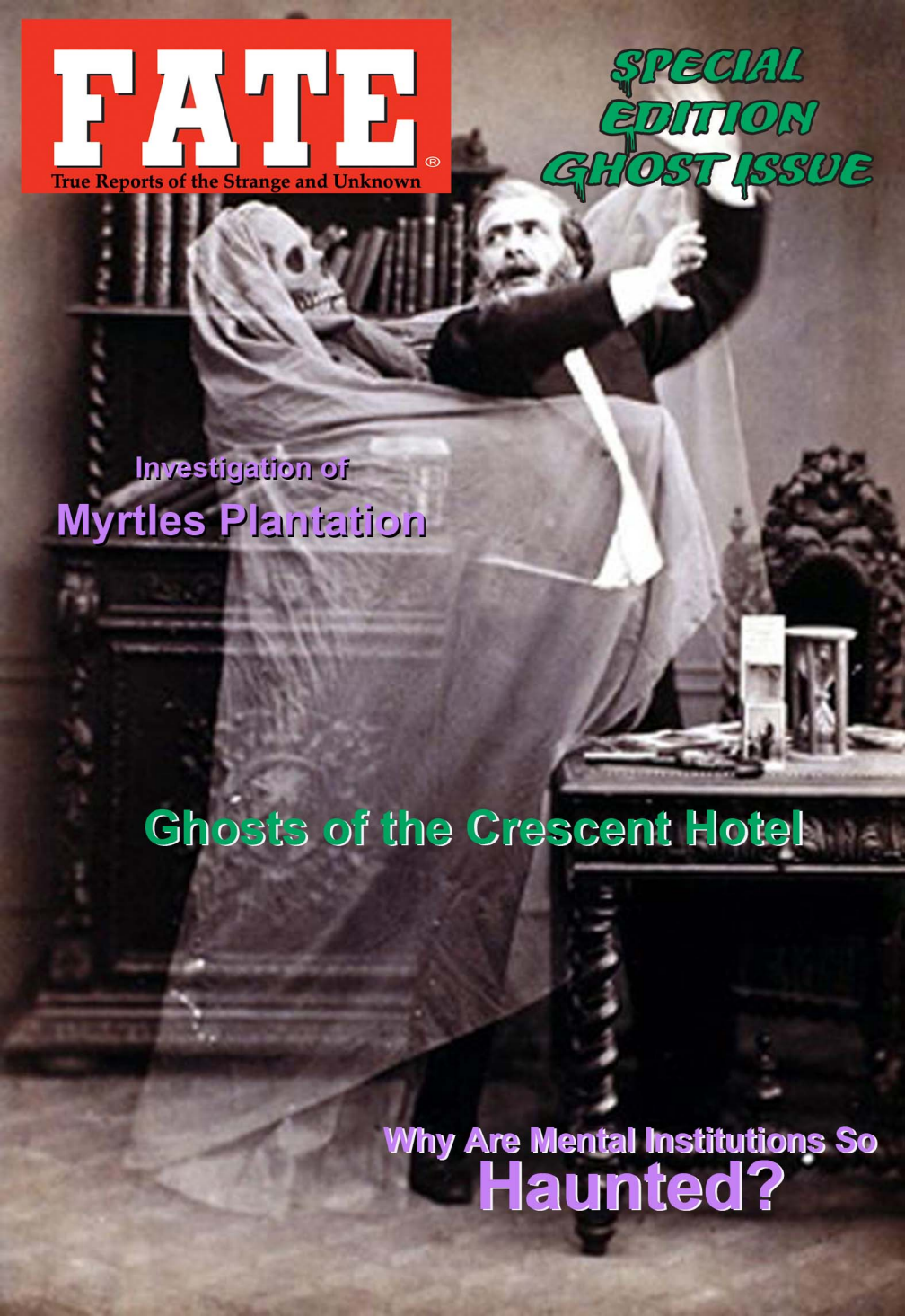
FATE

True Reports of the Strange and Unknown

SPECIAL EDITION GHOST ISSUE



Investigation of
Myrtles Plantation

Ghosts of the Crescent Hotel

Why Are Mental Institutions So
Haunted?

SPECIAL EDITION GHOST ISSUE

FATE

Since 1948

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Photo by: Eugene Thiebault

FROM YOUR EDITOR

Welcome eager readers to the FATE Ghost Issue! Explore the topics of ghosts, hauntings, and even what ghost shows on TV are like.

Who am I you might ask, besides the editor of this special edition issue?

My Paranormal Childhood

I am a writer and lifelong researcher of the paranormal. Although I am interested in all different types of paranormal phenomena, ghosts are my area of strongest interest. My first encounter with what could be described as an apparition happened to me at the age of five. I was sleeping over at my grandma's house and awoke in middle of the night. Floating on the other side of the room was a woman, hovering around three feet off the ground. She had long brown hair, a blue, shapeless dress, and bare feet. She was very solid, yet her entire body was glowing. I was absolutely amazed by what I saw that night.

Even as a child I knew in my heart that the paranormal was real. As soon as I had the ability to read I read every book on the paranormal I could find. At my school library, I was very pleased to discover books about UFOs, ghosts, and spontaneous human combustion. During my childhood, I was very blessed to have a mother who encouraged my enthusiasm for the paranormal, instead of trying to squash it.

Over the years I have had the opportunity to ghost hunt with many different ghost hunting groups. The techniques they used to research hauntings were similar, but the philosophies of these groups were very different. For example, I worked with one group that liked to work with all the lights on while another group I worked with did not allow members to mention to the ghosts that they are dead.

I have investigated famous locations such as Gettysburg, Waverly Hills, Bobby Mackey's Music World, Ashmore Estates, and the Palmer House. It could be that the ghosts existing in those places are subjected to ghost hunters almost every night, but I have had much more luck experiencing paranormal activity in locations that will remain anonymous.

Paranormal Experiences While Ghost Hunting

When I was investigating a private home in Richfield, Minnesota, an amorpous black mass rushed at my face. At a hair salon in Blaine, Minnesota, I had an

hour-long conversation with a ghost that communicated by twisting the top of my flashlight to turn it on and off, for yes or no answers. In Mantorville, Minnesota, at a museum I heard humming through the headphones of my Real Time EVP recorder. That evidence made sense because children supposedly haunt the building, plus antique toys are still on display at the museum.

The most ironic ghostly activity that happened to me occurred at a museum in Melrose, Minnesota. It was a former nunnery. I was taking a break during the ghost hunt with a fellow group member. After our break we were going to investigate the mother superior's onetime bedroom, now a storage area.

Being goofy, we decided to try on the hat collection in the room. All of the sudden I felt something hit my butt, I turned around to see a ruler on the floor. When hit, I was standing out in the middle of the room and nothing was close to me. That ruler came out of nowhere. So, mother superior spanked me with a ruler, for being silly in her room. When we did start our ghost hunt up a few minutes later, I could sense the anger in the room and it felt like she was getting right up into my face. The group medium could see her standing in front of me. I certainly meant the ghost of mother superior no disrespect, but she was really angry with me.

Ghost Box

As a ghost hunter my favorite piece of equipment is the spirit box. The spirit box is a modified radio that sweeps through the radio stations at a rapid pace and theoretically makes it easier for the ghosts to talk. The radio that I modified a few years back is what I am still using, but fancy spirit boxes are now made just for ghost hunting. I feel this tool really works and the ghosts enjoy having live conversations. When I turn it on, many times I feel a blast of cold air rushing at me. I have long and sometimes meaningful conversations with the ghosts who want to talk with me on the device. At one point I even encountered my grandpa and he spoke to me in his own voice. That experience was amazing and so meaningful to me.

I See by the Papers

Washington DC House Not Haunted

Washington DC, is not an area that requires realtors to disclose whether a house is haunted or not. Even so, hanging right on one real estate sign was the statement "Not Haunted." Built in 1925 , the house is apparently guaranteed by the realtor to not be haunted. Could this sign be the result of recent lawsuits against realtors for selling haunted homes without letting the buyers know beforehand it was haunted ?

Police Officer Attacks Ghost Hunter

A ghost hunter was in his storage unit tinkering with his ghost hunting equipment. Suddenly, a police officer and the owner of the storage unit burst through the door. The police officer claimed the man was trespassing and then threatened to plant drugs in his storage unit, so that he could arrest the ghost hunter on drug charges. After repeated requests by the ghost hunter to have his storage unit locked before leaving the property, the police officer started punching him. The officer then proceeded to slam the man into a chain-link fence and the pavement.

Woman's Cries for Help Ignored

In China a woman attempted to take a shortcut through an apartment building and got stuck in the wall. Wedged in the wall for hours, she screamed for help. People who heard her ignored her screams thinking it was coming from a ghost. Many hours later one person found help, thinking the cries could be coming from a living person. Finally, the distressed woman was freed from the wall.

Water Turns Milky White

In Oak Ridge, Tennessee, a creek suddenly turned milky white. Then, a few days later the same thing happened in a harbor in Maryland. Tests of this water show that almost all oxygen had left the water. These events have left officials striving to come up with a cause for the incidents. More of these episodes have been occurring in the United States and around the world in recent years.

Time Slips Strike Again

A couple out for a drive in the Catskill Mountains suddenly became lost in a snowstorm. Driving around for what felt like hours, the car was nearly out of gas. After much searching they located a gas station and pulled in. A gas station attendant promptly came out and started filling their gas tank.

The exterior of this gas station looked like it was out of the 1940s, right down to what the station attendant was wearing. Hungry after their ordeal, the couple went into the station in search of snacks. Inside, all the advertising posters and even

the candy bar wrappers appeared to be antique. Having completed filling the gas tank, the attendant only charged them $1.28 for the entire tank of gas.

They left the strange gas station and quickly found their way home, to discover that they had only been gone for two hours, even though it felt much longer than that. Intrigued by the antique gas station, the couple later tried to locate it but were never able to find it again.

Woman Attacked by Wild Cats

In Belfort, France, a woman out walking her dog was attacked by a roving band of stray cats, at least six, possibly more. The woman suffered from many injuries including a nicked artery and was transported to a local hospital for treatment. Her poodle also sustained injuries from the attack and had to be taken to a vet. According to veterinarians this behavior is extremely unusual for stray cats.

Ghost Steals Resumé

A Georgia woman recently contacted police to report that her resumé and a blouse were stolen from her home. When the responding officer asked her who had taken the items, she told the officer it was a ghost. When asked what kind of ghost would do this, the woman stated that the shadow people she sees in her home were the likely culprit. The police officer did note that there was no forced entry into the home. A more baffling note about the case is that when the women was asked to place a value on her blouse and the paper print-out of her resume , she decided they were worth $5,000.

Vampire Bodies Found in Poland?

An archaeological dig in Poland has unearthed four bodies. The graves are thought to be from the 16th century and are devoid of personal effects such as jewelry. Oddly, the heads are decapitated and buried at their feet. Could these people have been the victims of a vampire hunter, making sure they could not rise again?

Psychic Caught with a Fake Ghost

Psychic Knight Guider was caught using a fake ghost during a ghost tour. During the ghost tour, customers were taken into the stables of the Halfway Hotel in Llanelli, South Wales. While in the stables the psychic tour leader asked a series of questions that the ghost responded to by making knocking noises.

Thinking this paranormal activity too convenient, hotel staff waited around after the tour to see if someone was hiding in the attic of the building. Sure enough a half hour later a man jumped down from the attic. The attic-dwelling man claimed to be homeless and to have nothing to do with the ghostly noises the tour was hearing. The hotel staff escorted the homeless "ghost" in designer jeans off the property.

Waverly Hills Sanatorium

Haunted Locations Around America

by Sarah Agre

Waverly Hills Sanatorium: Louisville, Kentucky

Before antibiotics to treat Tuberculosis, there were sanatoriums. At these institutions tuberulosis patients were separated from the general population because of the contagious nature of the disease. The original hospital in Louisville was opened in 1910, but was replaced in 1926 with the five-story brick building known today . The treatment of the day included lots of fresh air, rest, and good nutrition. Another part of the treatment was to let the patients think they were going to have a full recovery. In order to create this illusion at Waverly, a "body" tunnel was constructed. The large number of patients that died in the institution were removed through this tunnel and the living patients were spared the knowledge of the actual number of people that succumbed to their illness.

Today in this building, disembodied voices can be heard having hushed conversations with each other. A shadowy figure called "the creeper" is known to crawl on the walls and ceilings. On the fourth floor of the building people have experienced an entity called a doppelganger that appears to be a member of their group and attempts to lure them alone into dark corners. On the third floor the apparition of a little girl with no eyes has been spotted. This building is so full of paranormal energy that some people with abilities have difficulty entering the building, because of feeling overwhelmed.

Rolling Hills Asylum: Bethany, New York

Originally called the Genesee County Poor Farm, this building opened in 1827. It later became an asylum. This building housed people that were poor, alcoholics, blind, crippled, orphans, widows, and all other sorts of people that had no place to go. During the 1950s the building became a nursing home until it closed in 1974. In the early days of mental health, patients received poor and sometimes fatal treatment. These treatments included Electric Convulsive Therapy, lobotomies, ice baths, and being put in restraints. It is estimated that over 1,000 people died at this asylum.

During the daytime an incredibly loud screech can sometimes be heard coming from the building. Figures are also seen peering out of windows in this asylum. Ghost hunters have had equipment lifted into the air during their investigations. Shadow people are seen walking through the building. The kitchen area of the building is said to give off very negative feelings. These feelings have been attributed to the fact that when an overflow of bodies occurred in the morgue, the extra bodies were sometimes put into the meat freezer of the kitchen.

Moon River Brewing Company: Savannah, Georgia

This restaurant, when built in 1821, was the original hotel in Savannah. The hotel was shut down during the Civil War and became a warehouse until the 1960s. It then became and office supply store. In 1979 Savannah was hit by Hurricane David and the roof was ripped off the building, forcing the office supply store to close. In 1995 the Oglethorpe Brewery attempted to remodel the building, but workers were frightened off by the paranormal activity before the work could be completed. Later purchased by the Moon River Brewing company the building opened up for business once again in 1999.

The noises of children playing are heard throughout the building. Employees have had bottles fly at them from off of the shelves. On the third floor a woma n in white has been seen. In the billiard room is a black shadow figure named "Toby" by the employees and he is known to push people out of his way. On the first

floor stairway a residual haunting of a woman pushed down the stairs is seen repeated over and over again. Footsteps can be heard running all over the building, with no discernible source.

Myrtles Plantation: St. Francisville, Louisiana

This stately plantation house was built in 1796. The original owner was General David Bradford. After the general's death the property was passed on to his daughter Sara Woodruff and her husband Clark. They had three children and two of those children died of yellow fever around 1824. The plantation was eventually sold to Ruffin Gray Stirling. Stirling had nine children and five of those children died at the plantation. Stirling's daughter Sarah Winter, along with her husband William eventually inherited the planation. The Winter's had six children and one died at the plantation. In 1871 William Winter was relaxing on his porch when he was shot and he bled out within a few minutes. After the death of William, the Winter family held onto the property until 1889. Over the years the plantation has had many different owners and was eventually turned into a bed and breakfast by James and Frances Kermeen Myers in the 1970s.

Many of the stories that have come out of Myrtles plantation are simply legends. The most famous is the story of Chloe the slave who had her ear cut off by her master as a punishment for eavesdropping. In vengeance she poisoned the birthday cake she made for her owners family and thus killed the two children. Absolutely no evidence can be found of this story even though it continues to be told over and over again in books and on television programs. The number of murders that have happened in this location have been claimed by paranormal researchers to be as many as 10, but the only murder that can be confirmed is that of William Winter.

Ghosts of slaves have approached guests at this bed and breakfast, asking if they can do any chores. Footsteps are frequently heard on the staircase. They have been attributed to William Winter who, after being shot on the porch, made it partway up the stairs but died on the staircase. The ghosts of children have been seen playing in the front of the plantation and quite possibly are some of the many children that died on the property. Claims have been made that mysterious children have shown up in photographs taken by teachers of school groups visiting the plantation.

Griggs Mansion: St. Paul, Minnesota

The Griggs Mansion on Summit Avenue has long been thought to be the most haunted home in St. Paul. Chauncey Griggs built the home in 1883 and he owned it for only four years. This mansion was one of the first buildings in the

Car inside of Waverly Hills

city of St. Paul to be built with sandstone taken from Lake Superior. The building has served as a private home, apartments, and an art school.

The fourth floor has the most activity and is supposedly haunted by a maid that killed herself in 1915. She is seen hanging from a noose attached to the ceiling and is given credit for the loud footsteps on the stairs. In the 1950s some college students sleeping in the basement woke up to see the disembodied head of a child floating above them. Over the years many different people have reported seeing the ghost of a thin man in a black suit. One annoying event that takes place in this house is that the windows open up by themselves during the night. This happens even with windows that have been nailed shut to prevent them from being opened. Reporters from the St. Paul Pioneer Press stayed overnight at the home in 1969 to write an article about the haunting at the home. They experienced so much paranormal activity that they decided to leave early.

Villisca Axe Murder House: Villisca, Iowa

On June 10th, 1912, this sleepy farming community changed forever with the discovery of eight people axe-murdered in their beds. The last time the Moore family were seen alive was leaving a children's church program at 9:30 pm on Sunday night. They had four children between the ages of 11 and 5. In an unfortunate turn of events Katherine Moore

invited two neighbor children to have a sleepover with her children that night.

The next-door neighbor raised the alarm that something was amiss in the Moore house the next morning when, by 7:00 am the next morning, none of them were outside doing chores. All of the victims appeared to have been sleeping at the time of their murders. Investigating doctors thought that the family had been murdered sometime between midnight and 5:00 am. The murder weapon was discovered on the scene: an axe owned by the Moore family. Crime investigations in 1912 were not as sophisticated as they are today. The police quickly lost control of the crime scene and as many as 100 curiosity seekers tramped through the home and viewed the victims bodies. Due to the poor police work this crime was never solved.

Paranormal investigators have recorded spirit voices in this home. A heavy feeling is experienced near the main staircase. Doors slam shut all by themselves. Orbs and other abnormalities are captured in photos during investigations. The train that passes by and whistles at 2:00 am seems to trigger activity in the home. Some people feel that the murderer used the cover of the noisy train passing by to murder the Moore family. Once the train whistles, it is claimed that a fog appears in the master bedroom and moves from room to room. Could how the fog moves possibly be a replay of the killer's moves that night?

This haunting has been called into question by the documentary filmmakers of Villisca: Living with a Mystery. They spent many hours filming in the home and did not experience any paranormal activity. While making the film they also interviewed many people that formerly lived in the home but could not find any people with paranormal experiences. This is not to say that the haunting was not triggered later when the current owner of the property restored the home to the original state it was in during the time of the murders.

Boise State Penitentiary: Boise, Idaho

This prison opened in 1872 and was constructed using inmate labor. George Hamilton, who was one of the inmates, designed the prison. Before incarceration he worked in drafting, but spent most of his time as a highway robber. The prison was used for 101 years and ten executions by hanging took place between 1873 up until 1957. In 1973 a massive prison riot forced the state to finally move the prisoners to a new prison with modern facilities. This riot was the last of three at the prison and during the course of this final riot, four buildings on the prison grounds were burned down.

People visiting the prison, now that it is a museum, have spotted ghosts and ex-

perienced cold spots. This prison is located in a desert which makes experiencing cold spots during the day a strange occurrence. George Hamilton is thought to be one of the many ghosts at this prison. In 1898 he was pardoned of his crimes because of his contributions to building the prison, but he killed himself a few hours after his release from the prison. He may have done this because the major stipulation in his pardon was that he had to leave the state of Idaho. Other visitors to the prison have seen the apparition of a prisoner tending to the rosebushes. Disembodied voices are heard, along with mysterious footsteps.

Cheesman Park: Denver, Colorado

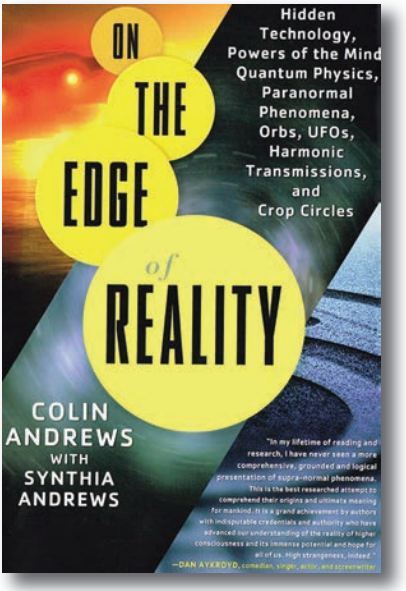
What today is a lovely park featuring walking trails and botanical gardens was once known as Mt. Prospect Cemetery. This park is in the heart of downtown Denver and that is why in 1893 it was decided to move the cemetery. Over the years many poor people and unsavory outlaws were buried in the cemetery and by 1893 most of the cemetery had fallen into disrepair.

City undertaker E.P. McGovern was hired to remove the bodies at the pay rate of $1.90 per body. He was to provide each body with a new coffin and move it to Riverside cemetery. McGovern quickly hatched a plan to maximize his profit for this endeavor. He used child-sized coffins and hacked the bodies to pieces. Most bodies he managed to separate into four different coffins. A newspaper reporter spied these ghoulish happenings and the project was immediately shut down. A year later construction on the park resumed and the idea of moving the bodies was dropped. Around 2,000 bodies are believed to be still buried in the park.

When the moving of the bodies began a grave looter reported being tapped on the shoulder by an unseen force. Homeowners around the graveyard claimed that confused ghosts began to knock on their doors.

Today people see the ghosts of children playing in the park. A woman's apparition is seen singing. Misty figures are witnessed roaming around the park. Some people report feeling extremely sad at this park. After dark, a ghost with stab wounds has approached people smoking to ask for a cigarette.

"Ghosts seem harder to please than we are; it is as though they haunted for haunting's sake -- much as we relive, brood, and smoulder over our pasts."
—Elizabeth Bowen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--Grant Cameron, coauthor of *UFOs, Area 51, and Government Informants*

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Ghosts of the Crescent Hotel

Eureka Springs, Arkansas

by T.M. Simmons

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Hamlet Act 1, scene 5, 159–167

Most people run as quickly as they can the opposite direction from a ghost sighting. However, my aunt, Belle Brown, and I love to visit both historical and haunted places. In February 2007, for one of our girl's only trips, we stayed two nights at the Crescent Hotel in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. We weren't disap-

pointed in either the history or the ghosts there.

Eureka Springs is a beautiful small town in the Ozark Mountains in northwest Arkansas. The streets are hilly, but the many shops are worth climbing up and down hills to visit. It's also the site of The Great Passion Play, and there are views of the Christ of the Ozarks statue from the Crescent Hotel, including out the window of our room.

History

The Crescent was built as a resort for the rich and famous and opened May 20, 1886, to much fanfare and many famous guests. Business didn't boom like the owners thought it would, however, and in 1908, they ended up sharing space with the Crescent College and Conservatory for Women. Then the Depression hit, and both the college and the hotel closed in 1934.

The horrible part of the Crescent's history began in 1937. A supposed "doctor," Norman Baker, bought the hotel. He touted himself as being able to cure cancer and gave patients shots of his own special elixir, a tea made of watermelon seeds and clover leaves, to which he added glycerin and alcohol. Patients died by the dozens. There were so many deaths that victims were spirited out under cover of darkness from the morgue in the basement. Norman Baker was finally arrested in 1939, and the Baker Cancer Hospital shut down for good. After many years in Leavenworth Prison, he was released and moved to Florida. Baker himself died a lingering death in 1958, from cirrhosis of the liver. One can only hope he suffered for giving so many people a last false hope built on fraud.

Hotel Ghosts

There are numerous stories of ghosts at the Crescent. One of the most haunted rooms is 218, also sometimes called

View from Michael's room

Carroll and Belle

Michael's Room. The story is that he was a stonemason from Ireland who died in a fall from the roof when the hotel was being built. We were lucky enough to get reservations for that room. Well, some folks might say we were *unlucky* enough.

We took the ghost tour, led that first night by a young man named Brian. Belle and I were the only two on the tour, and we enjoyed the solitude. The fascinating excursion went through all the floors and even into the basement morgue. Brian not only related a lot of hotel history, he told us what the mediums who initiated and ran the ghost tour, Ken Fugate and Carroll Heath, had picked up from the ghosts over the years.

According to the mediums, the Crescent ghosts are extremely sensitive and do watch the parade of people through the hotel. Some of the female ghosts are from the Victorian era and are utterly shocked at what women wear now. They are aghast at the shorts and sleeveless blouses and all the bare skin.

Brian also told us about some of the lesser-known ghosts such as Mary, would visit patients who were dying in the cancer hospital to comfort them. He said the patients would say they could see her, a small woman who stood by their bed and stroked their brow.

I wasn't aware of it at first, but I was experiencing a health problem that grew worse as the hours at the hotel passed. While we listened closely to Brian, I started feeling weak and shaky. I assumed I was coming down with a bug, but didn't want to ruin our trip. When Brian mentioned Mary, I found myself hoping she would visit me that night.

My Name Is Not Michael

After the tour, Brian inquired as to which room we were staying in. When told it was Michael's Room, he instantly agreed to visit it with us. As we stood at the foot of our bed, Brian actually called Michael's ghost to join us.

Immediately, we felt a significant ball

Carroll and Trana

Belle and Trana at front of hotel

of energy enter the room through the doorway, one which raised the hairs on our arms and on the back of our necks. We both sensed that Michael was very unhappy. Brian started telling us what he was picking up from the ghost.

"He's asking me what I'm doing here in his room," Brian said. "He's telling me he doesn't want me in here, to leave. I better do that. We don't like to upset our ghosts."

Brian returned to the hallway. Belle and I lingered for a few moments, and then joined him.

I said, "His name isn't Michael. He told me so." I had heard this male voice whisper that to me as I left the room. However, both Belle and Brian responded that it wasn't true; that it had indeed been Michael in the room. I just shrugged and didn't argue.

Before we went to bed, Belle and I compared notes as to the other ghosts she and I had caught at least a glimpse of. They included two ghosts at the check-in desk, the nurse, Theodora, and several other women and children during the tour.

Later that night, as I was lying in bed, I felt someone stroking my forehead. I opened my eyes, but didn't see anyone. This happened three times. As I finally drifted off to sleep, I realized I was feeling a lot better. So I believe the story about Mary must be true.

The next night, we were lucky enough to find the medium Carroll Heath in his ghost tour office. He lives in Eureka Springs, near the hotel, and explained that he had taken his friend to the hospital the previous evening. Right away, we noticed a rapport among the three of us, and we

spent a lot of time with him during the rest of our visit. He even invited us over to his house, where he related even more about the ghosts of the Crescent.

The most interesting thing to me was what Carroll told us after he had learned we were staying in Michael's Room. He informed us that hardly anyone at the hotel knew this, but Michael wasn't really the ghost's name. Carroll said he had talked to "Michael" one night, as he consistently does to all the ghosts at the hotel. The ghost told him he didn't like the fact that he was being called by the wrong name. When asked what his real name was, he responded to Carroll that it was Ian.

When I heard that, I looked over at Belle. "See? I told you and Brian."

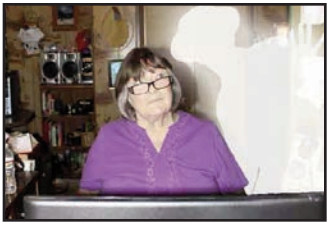
When Carroll asked, I related the story of the ghost coming into our room and the fact that somehow I knew it was not Michael. However, Belle and Brian had both insisted that yes, it was.

"It was the ghost of the man who fell from the roof," I said. "And his name isn't Michael."

Carroll agreed with me.

Belle and I truly enjoyed our stay at the Crescent, and we hope to return again. In checking their website, I notice they offer what is billed as *Flickering Tales*. It's ghost stories told around a flickering campfire, including a midnight trip to the morgue. Now that would be our idea of a fascinating evening.

T. M. Simmons *is the author of the* Dead Man Mysteries *and* Ghost Hunting Diary Volume I through V. *She's also the lead investigator of Supernatural Researchers of Texas and searches for proof of life after death in the paranormal world. All photos were taken by Simmons.* http://www.iseeghosts.com



"Behind every man now alive stand 30 ghosts, for that is the ratio by which the dead outnumber the living."
-Arthur C. Clarke

The Widow's Mite - 1876

A Charming Haunt

by Katie Mullaly

My education in parapsychology tells me that there are three categories of paranormal activity—apparitions, hauntings, and poltergeist activity, but does the appearance of any or all of these types of activity mean that a place is always haunted? I have no idea.

I moved into a house in 1998, just a few weeks before my younger son was born. For the first three years, nothing noteworthy happened. In 2001, however, things sort of…changed. A rather abrupt and somewhat scandalous decision that I made to remove the incumbent spouse

from his position and replace him with a much more capable individual was met with a great deal of resistance by said incumbent spouse. My reasons for doing so were quite legitimate, but a matter for another forum. Suffice it to say, the mixture of his rage combined with the inexplicably odd energy of my new hubby, Mikal, created some sort of petri dish of activity. Doorknobs began rattling, odd knocking and banging was heard, footsteps could be heard across the linoleum, and one picture even managed to fly off the wall. You could feel the change in atmosphere the minute you walked into the house.

Doorknobs began rattling, odd knocking and banging was heard, footsteps could be heard across the linoleum, and even one picture managed to fly off the wall.

Eventually the immediate stress of that transition went away, but the activity has remained, flaring up at odd times even when there was no apparent stress in the house. One morning, I awoke to find all the cabinet doors open and drawers pulled out, perfectly even and aligned. Nobody claimed responsibility for opening the cabinets. Another particularly creepy event involved a music box that had belonged to my mother. It hadn't been wound or opened in years (as evidenced by the thick layer of dust resting atop its lid), but in the middle of one night, Mikal and I awoke to the eerie sounds of "Edelweiss" playing for what must have been 10 or 15 seconds. We lay still in the bed and he said very calmly, "Did you hear that?"

I responded with, "Yep." I got up and inspected the music box and it remained tightly closed and unwound.

On another occasion, Mikal had placed a metal step stool at the end of the hallway as an indicator to the children that the motion alarm was set and not to go past that point. It was a system that worked brilliantly. On this particular night, however, my husband placed the stepstool as usual, but after we went to bed, he was certain he had heard the stepstool slide forcefully down the hall. We have a cement floor, so the noise was unmistakable. Having just checked on the children, he knew they were sound asleep. Not wanting to encounter some phantom in the hallway, he just pulled the covers up over his head. Unfortunately he neglected to entertain the possibility that the kids would wake up and set off the alarm, which is precisely what they did.

Now, referencing back to what I have been taught on the subject, I could simply write this off as poltergeist activity—untethered psychokinetic energy being pumped out by some human agent (named Mikal) in the house. Easy as pie, right? Wrong. I *might* have been able to do that were it not for the variety of

ghostly figures we have seen. I hesitate to call them apparitions as they do not necessarily show any attempts at communication, but since the line of distinction between the categories tends to get a little fuzzy, I honestly don't know what to call them. "Ghosts" seems so…gauche.

Our favorite is "ghost kitty." Ghost kitty showed up shortly after we got our first real kitty and she has been seen by everyone in the house. She is a grayish kitty and is mostly seen in our bedroom. We all came to the conclusion on our own, because the first time the idea of ghost kitty was verbalized, everyone else in the house said, "I've seen that cat." Perhaps not as endearing are the dark shadows that I have seen in the house. One morning, I awoke to see what my brain deciphered as a nun standing at the foot of my bed. (I'll be honest. Nuns have freaked me out ever since my grandmother told me a story about ghostly nuns that haunted a hospital in Pennsylvania, often unplugging the patients' life support.) I stared at this nun for several seconds, and then laid my head back down on my pillow. I lay for a few more seconds and then looked to see if it was gone. It wasn't. I stared for a few more seconds, then went back to sleep. When I woke up the next time, it was gone.

Edouard Isidore Buguet demonstrates psychokinesis - 1875

Perhaps the freakiest of the ghost sightings in our home was by Mikal. Since we have a paranormal investigation group, we have the obligatory equipment on hand, should we decide to stage any manner of homespun sleuthing. On this occasion, however, we were using the voice recorder to prove another scientific fact—the loudness of Mikal's snoring. For years he has lived under the misguided delusion that he does not sound like a buzz saw when he is sleeping, and he declared that he wanted to hear it for himself. He set up the voice recorder on a shelf in the back of his closet (the closet is adjacent to the bed, and does not have traditional doors, but a curtain covering it) and set about going to sleep. We

dozed off at about the same time, and about 30 minutes later, Mikal woke with a fright and a loud gasping noise that everyone makes when they wake up scared. I asked him what was wrong and he said something about seeing a lady in a white dress walking next to the bed towards him, and when she reached out to touch him, he woke up freaked out.

The next day, we listened to the recording and, while it certainly solved the "Does Mikal snore?" conundrum, it also revealed another interesting tidbit. Just two or three seconds before Mikal let out his frightened yelp, something caused a loud "Crack" on the recorder, as though it had been hit. Whatever it was that walked alongside the bed next to Mikal caused enough electromagnetic output to interfere with the audio. Nobody else was in the room.

In spite of all the strange goings-on, I hesitate to call my house "haunted." It doesn't *feel* haunted. It's every bit the comfy little house I moved into 15 years ago, it just has an impressive résumé of odd and sometimes frightening occurrences. No big deal. Everything started when Mikal showed up, anyway, so he obviously dragged the activity in with him like some raggedy stray. Most girls only get candy and flowers from their husbands. Mine knew that I would prefer the ghosts.

Katie Mullaly *has made the paranormal her plaything with the books* Scare-Izona: A Travel Guide to Arizona's Spookiest Spots, Tucson's Most Haunted, Finding Ghosts in Phoenix, *and, most recently, the critically acclaimed* Paranormal Pandemic.

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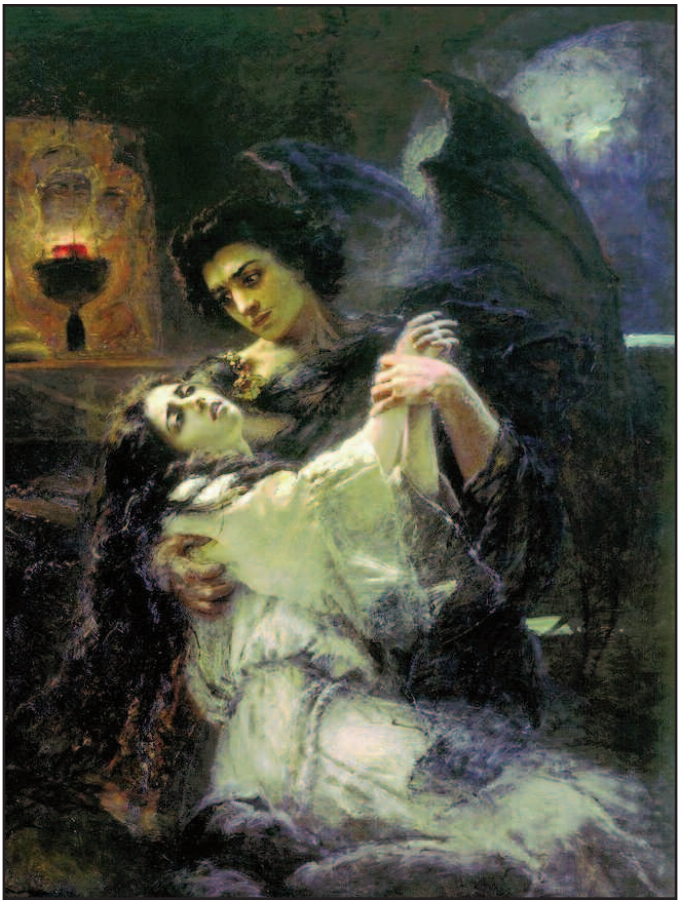


Tamara and Demon, 1889 - Konstantin Makovsky

How to Get Rid of an Incubus or Succubus

by Alan Toner

Are you experiencing strange sexual assaults at night, in your bed, from an unseen force? Are you becoming scared to go to bed now for fear of a recurrence of these horrible attacks? If so, then it is a strong possibility that you have either an incubus (if you're female) or a succubus (if you're male) haunting your house. You therefore need to take urgent steps to get rid of this entity. Divine Deliverance and Spiritual Warfare are the only weapons that can be employed to stop the incubus and succubus.

But how do you actually get rid of such a formidable and frightening demon completely?

The first thing you need to do is to have a good look around your house to see if you have any items or ornaments relating to the occult or witchcraft. You need to pinpoint exactly which items you have recently bought which may have sparked these paranormal activities. There have been many cases in history where the victim of an incubus or succubus attack has brought into their home, or been given, an object—an item that may have been cursed, or even been used in actual black magic rituals—totally unaware that that object may be carrying dark, malevolent powers. And if you think you have found the likely source of your hauntings, then the best advice you could take would be to get rid of that object immediately.

If, however, there are no possessions in your home which you could reasonably attribute to paranormal activity, then your next step would be to research the history of your home; that is, of course, if you have not long ago moved into the property and have only just started to experience these night demon attacks. You need to find out everything you can about the place, either from official records or by making enquiries within the neighborhood: who were the previous residents, did they also suffer similar sexual assaults from demonic entities, and so on.

Once you have solid proof that you do indeed have an incubus or succubus haunting your home, you can then take the necessary steps towards driving out the entity for good. If you are a Christian, you must use all your faith to make you strong, and call on the power of the The Holy Spirit and Jesus Christ—with the assistance of a priest or a similar spiritual leader—to command this evil entity to depart, to leave you alone in peace, and never bother you again. As powerful and threatening as the incubus and succubus can be, it is certainly not indestructible, and can easily be vanquished, with the help of God and prayer, as easily as Satan himself can be.

If you are not a Christian, then there are alternative methods you can employ to expel your sex demon: aura cleansing with an experienced practitioner, a process which involves "amputating" the cord that ties the entity to you repeatedly; Wiccan rites, which are good for charging the air with positive energy and eliminating the negative energy; and even psychic energy

employed by yourself, under the guidance of an experienced medium or psychic, which involves you summoning up all your will power and mental strength to deny the entity all access to both your body and your mind, with a view to eventually causing it to leave your home completely.

Incubi and Sucubi can not force sexual intercourse on an unwilling person strong enough to resist them. They can also be repelled by certain powerful amulets, including the Quabbalah amulet containing the Holy Angelic names Sanvi, Sansanvi Semnageolf.

So next time you are lying in bed and are suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by a cold breath on your cheek, a lustfully wandering hand, or the pressure of an unseen body pinning you down to the mattress, please do not feel too afraid, for given the methods of protection I have highlighted, then you can rest assured that this incubus or succubus assault on your body will be, mercifully, a transient one.

Alan Toner *is a successful writer of ghost and paranormal stories. He has published volumes 1-5 of his* True Ghost Stories *books available on Amazon. In addition to writing, he runs the hugely popular* True Ghost Stories *site at www.trueghoststories.co.uk. He also made an appearance on the Most Haunted TV show. His website is www.wirralwriter.co.uk*

Spooky Tunnel in Alcatraz Prison

Seven Factors that Contribute to an Enjoyable Ghost Tour

by Sharon Blumberg

Whether you are a ghost tour participant or tour guide, there are essential things you need to implement to make your experience, or that of your participants, a satisfying and successful one. Ghost tours are an exciting way to bring folks with similar interests together. In some cases, people may come from far distances to experience a particular ghost tour. Ghost tours are often offered all year round, not only around Halloween. This is because buildings and homes are always haunted. Spirits don't generally take a vacation after Halloween.

Accurately advertise what your tour offers. It is important to be honest regarding what your ghost tour will offer. This can't be misconstrued, or participants will feel cheated. Ghost tour companies want to develop valid and reliable reputations. By accurately presenting what you advertise, those results will be achieved. In some cases, a brief explanation may be required on site to further explain what the tour will entail. In this way, participants can make informed choices when selecting tours.

Tour participants should clarify for themselves, what the tours offer. Examples include, calling or emailing the company for additional concerns or questions.

Next, how do tour guides decide upon a location to investigate? How long do you wait to investigate after deaths? This question was posed to a number of prominent paranormal researchers. Among them was Jeff Belanger, a well-known paranormal researcher who resides in Massachusetts.

Jeff responded to this question by saying, "That's a good question. There is no magic number on how long to wait. I heard recently that within a couple of days after the shootings in Aurora, Colorado, a paranormal group was in the parking lot investigating. Obviously, that is both crass and despicable. Not only do the families of the victims need time to grieve, but so do the surrounding community and even the country. Here's the vague but correct answer: we'll talk about a haunting when we are supposed to. It's a natural process that involves a large number of people, and it occurs over time. Something unexplained will happen in a location where a tragedy took place, and someone will talk about it in whispers. If it happens again, someone else will talk about it. Eventually the reputation will grow, and society will justify the haunting. This is because it is important to remember the tragedy. At that point, the ghost tours can start incorporating the legends into their performances. In some cases, this may happen in just a few years. In other cases, it could be several decades."

Kevin Frantz is a Naperville, Illinois, historian, professional storyteller, and paranormal investigator with 11 years of experience. When Kevin was asked the question regarding where and when does one choose where to investigate he responded, "That is complicated because it involves a lot of things. You could probably write a book on that question. You have to conduct yourself in a sensitive and accountable manner to family that is connected to the case. Being accountable, means you are considerate to relatives' concerns. Some tour guides may not be, but then they deal with the consequences. It does not matter how long ago the deaths occurred. There have been some stories I have been asked not to tell, so I respect those wishes. It does not matter the number of years involved with the case. It could be 10 years, 20 years or 150 years. To summarize this point, it depends on the situation and the wishes of the con-

necting community. On one occasion, one woman said she had heard I was talking about her father, and she wanted to know how I was presenting the tour, so I explained it to her. I talk and work with people when they have those kinds of concerns."

These examples above explain how tour guides decide when and where tours are to be conducted. There are no clear-cut guidelines on this topic. As long as paranormal tour guides are caring and responsible to a community's needs, their professional profile is sealed. In some cases, it is not possible to please everyone at all times in this area.

Orb captured on an Illinois ghost tour

The tour guide's personality can make or break a successful ghost tour. A fun and informative presentation can attract participants quicker than honey can attract flies. Not only do tour guides need to know the stories connected to the tour, but they also need to have a good working knowledge of the history that surrounds their cases. Past experience or hearsay can attract participants to a designated tour guide. In some cases, participants may decide to pick a particular tour guide based on the participants' previous experience with the guide. In this situation, the guide offers a variety of tours.

Also, if the tour guide can refrain from over-doing theatrics, that would be wise. For example, some participants may think it is humorous for the guide to tell corny jokes or make sound effects while telling the stories and experiences, while other participants may not. In reality, tour goers appreciate the opportunity of experiencing paranormal activities without sound effects or cheesy ghost noises. However, a little bit of humor can relax the seriousness of the tour, as long as it not overdone to affect the general tone.

A smaller number of participants are essential to a great tour. Ghost tours should limit the number of participants to 18 or less. The reason for this is because

less one-on-one conversation is possible between the guide and participants, in high numbered groups. In addition, less paranormal activity happens to the large groups.

On the other end of the spectrum, one family is usually too small a group for a successful ghost tour. There are two reasons for this suggestion. First, the ghost tour guide may wish to evaluate if it is worth their while to put in a two hour tour based upon only one party, and the one party may appreciate being notified by the guide or tour company if there are no other participants. Some parties may enjoy the extra attention of being the only ones involved, so a lot depends on individual preference.

Offer the use of paranormal equipment. The availability of paranormal equipment adds a special dimension to ghost tours. The easiest, low-tech kind of equipment is dowsing rods. Dowsing rods, are ancient tools that historically have been used to find water, minerals, metals, and even petroleum. Some paranormal researchers use them on investigations. When used this way, dowsing rods function in the following manner. First, the user asks a series of questions. According to the questions, the user will ask, for example a yes, move clockwise, for no, move counterclockwise, or in an x movement.

This tool can be an effective and easy form of communication with those on the other side. One participant observed something unusual one evening while visiting a historical cemetery during a ghost tour. Whenever she approached a grave of a deceased male, the rods moved in a parallel direction. But when she approached the grave marker of a deceased female, the dowsing rods formed an x rotation. Whatever that may have signified was a mystery.

Kevin Frantz makes available different kinds of paranormal equipment on his tours. In fact, he offers ghost hunting classes at *ghosthuntingsupplies.com*. Kevin states, "A lot of equipment that is out there, is used for conventional purposes. But paranormal researchers adapt or modify them to communicate with the paranormal in innovative ways."

For example, you have different types of recorders, but Kevin Frantz invented a new system for recording EVPs (Electronic Voice Phenomena, believed to be the voices of spirits recorded through a recording device), in real time, known as the "Echo." Imagine there is a way to know for sure when you captured an EVP, and not have to wade through hours of recording to hear an EVP. For the first time in history, a real time communication with the dead is possible. You can also respond back to it immediately. The Echo accomplishes this by having a system of components that records and plays simultaneously. The material that is recorded through a microphone onto the tape on

the left side of the Echo, can be played back into the headphones, on the right side of the Echo.

Chuck Kennedy is another paranormal investigator and author. He comes to the paranormal scene with a background in neuroscience. Chuck is the founder of Ghosts of Illinois (*ghostsofillinois.com*). He makes use of different ghost hunting tools available on his tours and hunts.

Chuck brings a unique specialty to the paranormal arena. Chuck works with electronics in a highly specialized manner to process EVPs. As a result, EVPs captured on recordings come through clearly and human-like.

Chuck has discussed people's reactions upon hearing these EVPs. Many people say, "That can't be real. It sounds just like a person talking." In reality, it is what comes through the electronic system.

Refrain from over-commercializing the tour. It is fine to sell books or souvenirs connected to the tour. However, when those kinds of items are overemphasized, it ruins the mystery and intrigue, once the tour is over. Again, the tour guide's personality can influence the tone for this. People should be encouraged and made aware that those items are for browsing and buying. If people enjoyed the tour, a great way to top off the evening is to purchase a book authored by the guide, or a local author who may also give tours.

Ghost Hunting Equipment

There are so many different kinds of ghost hunting equipment. Nowadays there are meters of various types, EVP and visual recorders, dowsing rods, and the list goes on. The following is a description of tools currently used within Kevin Frantz's ghost hunting classes.

A **Film Camera** is an old and reliable tool that is used for ghost hunting today. The traditional negative-producing 35mm or 110mm offers a great product due to its high-resolution capability. However, this system is not without its limitations.

The **Instant Camera** was introduced by Polaroid in the 1960s. It was a great tool for ghost hunting, as one did not have to wait for film to be developed. One could see the fruits of labor within minutes. As a result, great spirit photos have been produced over the years. Therefore this is still a valuable ghost hunting tool. The limitations of instant cameras are that they do not produce as clear a picture as a 35mm camera, and they do not produce negatives. They also demonstrate the same problems as a film camera in terms of dust, insects, or other objects that could cause interference in a natural image. These objects could be mistaken for ghostly images.

The **Digital Camera** gives investiga-

Orb captured during a West Virginia ghost tour

tors the ability to take an unlimited number of photos. These photos can be examined on the spot, to determine if ghostly images are present. They eliminate the possibility of double exposure and waiting to develop film. The biggest problem is that they don't produce negatives.

The **Infrared Camera** allows paranormal investigators to use them in the belief that spiritual energies might be visible in a particular light range. They have had success in capturing unusual images in this process. It shoots from a number of angles. This camera eliminates the problems of dust or moisture interfering with the photos.

A **Video Camera** captures paranormal phenomena better than a still image. It demonstrates that a ghostly image can interact with the environment.

A **Thermal Imaging Camera** is a new device that perceived images according to their heat signatures rather than their ability to reflect light. The great advantage here is the camera's ability to film in total darkness. As a consequence, this eliminates photo anomalies such as lens flare and reflections of dust.

A **Tape Recorder** can play back sounds from spirits caught on tape, so to speak. As previously mentioned, the tape recorder has become a valuable tool for

ghost hunters. This has increased even more as higher quality ultra sensitive microphones have become available and affordable. It is beginning to rival the camera as an effective means of proving the existence of paranormal activity.

An **EMF Meter** is a standard tool used in ghost hunting. It is theorized that ghosts are made up of energy, and since all energy gives off an electromagnetic signature, it is thought that a ghost might register on any instrument designed specifically to detect that energy. This may signify when a ghost has entered an area. Consequently, cameras and tape recorders may be turned on.

An **Ion Counter** is used when some paranormal investigators believe ghosts are comprised of highly charged ions. Like the EMF meter, an ion counter can be a useful tool for detecting possible paranormal activity. Unlike electromagnetic energy, clusters of ionic energy are less common occurrences in nature. This makes an anomalous reading more useful.

A **Thermometer** can sometimes signify ghostly activity by a dramatic drop in temperature. This makes the use of a sensitive hand-held point and shoot thermometer essential. However it is important to not pick up a naturally occurring draft in a given location.

A **Motion Detector** can be used to signify ghostly activity. This has happened before, so it can be a valid tool for ghost hunters.

Night Vision Goggles might have some value to the investigator searching in a dark place such as a cemetery, but it appears to be a better tool for the Bigfoot hunter.

If possible, offer the opportunity to go inside a structure to investigate, or better yet, offer a dark room session to participants. Regardless of the level or nature of the tour, offer to go inside of a building or home to investigate. This adds a more realistic dimension to the tour. To do this, tour guides need to enter a building or old house known to be haunted. Tour companies need to obtain permission from the town or landlord.

Even better, offer a dark room session. The purpose of a dark room session is to invite communication from the other side" This communication may manifest itself in many ways.

Once you enter, the dark room session can begin. This process functions in the following way. First, everyone sits down in an unlit room. So this generally takes place after sundown for optimal results. The tour guide opens up a free-style dialog with the other side. They may say something like, "We are here this evening to make contact with you. Could you please show us a sign that you are here? Maybe you could knock on something, move a chair, or show us something.

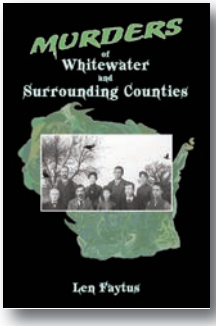
At this point, if the structure is indeed haunted some type of spiritual activity may occur. For example, participants may

see anything from some white-colored mist to a full-bodied apparition. Keep in mind that seeing a ghost is more of a rarity. They may also hear sounds such as footsteps, voices, or even growling. A lot of what participants may see or hear naturally depends on the history of the place being investigated.

Ghost tours offer a rich experience for paranormal and history enthusiasts alike. A great deal of history is often intertwined within the tour. The levels of paranormal expertise of tour guides and participants vary. But one fact rings true, a successful ghost tour will leave participants begging for more. This is because there will be something offered for everyone, and therefore you cannot ask for more.

Sharon Blumberg has been a writer and teacher for over 20 years. She writes on the paranormal and other general interest topics. She lives with her husband in Indiana, and has two grown children.

"O lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again."
—Thomas Wolfe



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The Myrtles Plantation at night

A Night Alone in America's Most Haunted Bedroom

by Joshua P. Warren

I am writing these words in the most haunted bedroom in the most haunted house in America. Honestly. Actually, many people SAY it's the most haunted bedroom, but who knows? All I can tell you is that I experienced amazing stuff last night—things I will never forget—things that changed my life. I've been afforded the opportunity to pursue these kinds of places, and I have a story for you…

You can learn a lot about Myrtles Plantation in St. Francisville, Louisiana, on your own.

This place was built around 1796 by General David Bradford. In fact, I'm stay-

ing in the General David Bradford Suite. It's impressive; definitely looks haunted. The ceilings in this bedroom are probably 15 feet high, dimly lit by crystal chandeliers, and the drapes are royal burgundy with gold trim. Those colors dominate this Victorian room, and the décor is of the period. It lacks modern accommodations. There are no telephones or TV, and the bathroom faucet is reversed, cold on the left, warm on the right, plus you turn the handles backward instead of forward to get the water flow.

Lots of elements in this house are abnormal—the original owners installed all the keyholes upside down. They believed ghosts could slip in through them, and figured the spirits would be confused by the inversion. I'm lucky my room has a shower. Many, if not all, of the other rooms simply have a bathtub. If it weren't for the electricity and toilet, I could seriously be living the 1700s.

When I arrived in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, rain was pouring down and the whole area was under a tornado watch. Bridges were flooded, detours were in place, and alligators were surely waiting to chomp me as I passed through foreboding swamps and ancient pools of quicksand. I'm lucky I even made it here.

History of Myrtles Plantation

Why is Myrtles Plantation so haunted? Rumor has it that in the 1790s the Bradfords were looking for a new homestead. They were sick of mosquitos and chose a hill above the marshes. However, once construction workers began digging around in the area, they discovered the property was an Indian burial ground. What did they do? They supposedly piled up all the sacred bodies and burned them! No one knows if this is true, but that might set the stage for the events to come. In fact, the current owners of Myrtles don't even like to discuss that possibility. We'll never know if this happened, but it adds to the mystery of the property. Whatever the case, it's clear the Bradfords were superstitious. Aside from the weird keyholes, there are crucifixes etched into much of the glass. They must have been afraid something was coming for them, right from the beginning.

Once construction workers began digging around in the area, they discovered the property was an Indian burial ground. What did they do? They supposedly piled all the sacred bodies and burned them!

Through the years, it's claimed at least ten people died here. One of them, an owner named William Winter, took a shotgun blast on the front porch from a disgruntled neighbor. He supposedly staggered inside, and dragged himself up the main staircase. There he collapsed on step number 17 in a pool of blood, trying to

Warren sits in America's Most Haunted Bedroom

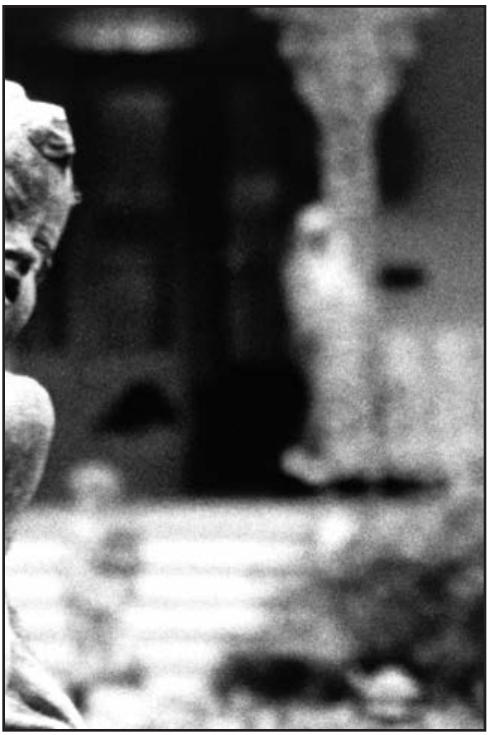
keep his guts inside the gaping hole in his chest. His wife dashed to him from the floor above, and he died in her arms as she sobbed. Now when some sensitive people visit the house, they can't walk past step number 17, saying a terrible psychic force field stands there.

But the most famous ghost relates to a slave owned by the estate's second proprietor—Judge Clark Woodruff, a stern-looking man. The slave was named Chloe. She was his house servant, and he made full use of her services, including a well-known sexual relationship. She wanted to maintain that relationship since the alternative was breaking her back in the sweltering fields. Therefore, you can imagine her upset when Judge Woodruff began to fancy another young slave woman. Chloe was caught eavesdropping on the two, and the Judge sliced off her ear to teach her a lesson. Afterward, she wore a green turban to conceal the horrible maiming.

After the ear incident, Chloe felt she'd surely be ordered outside. So she concocted a simple plan, extracting a poison from oils in the oleander plant, and spiking the meals of the Judge's wife and two children. Her intention was to merely make them sick, then tenderly nurse them back to health. Apparently, she thought this would increase her value in the home, and help ensure her status. But things went awry.

Chloe put too much poison in the meals, and all three victims died. The mother only made it a day or so beyond the children. Panic-stricken, Chloe fled.

But the other slaves captured her and brought her to Woodruff. They wanted to make sure no one pointed a dooming finger at them. The Judge hanged Chloe from a towering tree, and now, her dark, morose apparition is sometimes seen, meekly observing the grounds.



In 1995, Jack Roth captured this photo of an apparition on the front steps of the plantation. Most believe it is Chloe.

Over the years, every type of manifestation you can imagine has been reported. Objects fly off tables, voices, footsteps and crying are heard in empty rooms, a baby grand piano plays itself, cold blasts of air pass through hallways, handprints appear pressed into beds, etc. There's an old portrait of an unknown man upstairs. The staff jokingly calls it the Gerald Ford painting since the bald subject somewhat resembles the former president. His eyes are dark and penetrating. They literally follow you as you walk by. Guests have said his face shape-shifts, transforming into a monstrous visage. Others say he is sometimes wearing glasses, sometimes not. There is even a phantimal on the property, a ghost cat. He was put down a few years ago, and the staff still feels his thick fur brushing by their legs.

Perhaps most well known is a large mirror on the lower level. Prophets have gazed into mirrors and other reflective substances for years to attain psychic visions, something called scrying. In the past, mirrors were sometimes thought to not only reflect light, but actually absorb the spirits of those who stared into them. When Chloe was executed, all the mirrors in the house were draped in a black cloth, except this one. And now, every year, dozens of people say they see the figures of Chloe's victims in the mirror. The ornate frame is original to the period, although the cur-

A close-up of the figure in Jack Roth's photo

rent glass was installed 16 years ago. Despite its relative youth, bizarre discolorations are strewn about its surface. Some look like streams of running blood, others like face-prints. Whether or not there is anything paranormal about those marks, it seems weird that glass would become so discolored in only 16 years.

When I arrived at Myrtles, it looked just like what I expected. The home is stately yet dreary, shrouded by huge trees, their crooked limbs reaching out like skeletal fingers, moss dripping and hanging like long, rotting patches of corpse hair. The grounds are soggy, short stone cherubs are sprinkled about the vegetation, eerily standing guard. Eight black cats silently roam the property, always present, ever the familiars to whatever energy the home's solemn walls contain.

Behind the building is a lonesome fountain, illuminated crimson at night. Not far away, a small muddy pond comes alive in the evening, a massive chorus of frogs chirping. After crossing a small bridge to the island gazebo in the middle, I was surrounded by the high-pitched calls.

Haunting at the Varnedoe's Carriage House Restaurant

Also, out back you'll find fine dining: Varnedoe's Carriage House Restaurant. The owner and head chef, Scott Varnedoe, is a highly decorated professional who takes his "upscale down South" food seriously. I was able to sample four of his best dishes fresh from the kitchen, like soft-shelled crab and roasted duck, and they were amazing. Not surprisingly, it's haunted, too. The bartender told me he was a complete cynic when he started working there. Therefore, he was perplexed to find the metal ceiling racks that hold the wine glasses and champagne

Warren reproduced the angle of Jack Roth's photo

flutes reversed, only allowing the glass to slide out from the back instead of the front. He was told it was to prevent glasses from inexplicably flying off and hitting the bartender or customers. He chuckled and thought it was ridiculous until it occurred one night. "This glass flew off the rack backward, hit the mirror on the wall, bounced forward and exploded into a thousand pieces," he said. "I watched it happen and that's when I realized it wasn't a joke."

I have visited between 500 and 1000 supposedly haunted houses in my life, so I'm not easily impressed. But I had a feeling Myrtles might hold something special.

Several years ago, the Make-A-Wish Foundation had contacted me. A young girl with neurofibromatosis announced her last wish: to spend a night at Myrtles Plantation. She lived in my town, so the foundation asked me to take her on a local ghost hunt and then break the news that her wish had been granted. It's pretty outstanding that this would be a child's last wish.

And in September of 2007, I met paranormal photographer Jack Roth at a conference in Fredericksburg, Virginia. He took a famous photo of a cloaked apparition standing on the front porch of the house. It was about five feet five inches, according to my research, and it's for sale in the gift shop as a postcard. I reproduced Jack's photo angle with Hester standing in for the eerie figure.

Ghost Hunt of Myrtles Plantation

Though I think everyone has the potential for a touch of ESP, I am not a psychic. When I walked into the General David Bradford Suite, I was immediately struck by a heavy sense of melancholy and being enclosed, despite the spacious rooms and high walls. Was it simply my mind playing a trick on me, fulfilling my expectations? Could be, but that's the way I felt regardless. Given the lack of TV, phone, internet access and other electronic distractions, it was the perfect place to sit quietly to focus on the room's environment. After taking some photos and video outside, I finally settled down for a night in this strange place.

I turned on my Sony Handycam with Night Shot. Though all digital cameras are somewhat sensitive to the otherwise invisible infrared realm, Night Shot is especially sensitive. And I was surprised at what I saw through the viewfinder.

The carpet in the room appeared normal to the naked eye. Yet when viewed with the greenish hue of IR, unsettling stains appeared, splashed about the room. One resembled a small footprint. Was this blood? I couldn't resist snagging a few fibers for later testing. I asked the director of tours, Hester Eby, about the stains. She had no explanation, and said that carpet had been in the room less than ten years. Does that mean they were the product of a recent guest's mundane spill? Or was something more chilling at work? I know of several cases in which murder bloodstains perpetually reappear at haunted sites, no matter how many times they are washed away.

I broke out a variety of scientific instruments: electromagnetic field detectors, electrostatic meters, Geiger Counters, anything I could use to measure the energy environment, perhaps revealing some hidden anomalies. All was calm until 11 pm rolled around.

As I relaxed in the secluded, dim environment, I was overcome by a sense of calm, after a long, tiring day of travel from my home in Asheville, North Carolina. Suddenly, the stillness was shattered by a scream that morphed into a long, gravelly, shrieking moan. It was a nerve-wracking sound. I couldn't tell exactly where it came from, but I sprang to the door and opened it. Nothing was there—just the raven, swaying trees and drips of remnant rainwater softly plopping in the night. Fortunately, my camcorder was running, capturing this unearthly cry. I still don't know what it was, but the night was starting to get really interesting.

I explored the room with a basic mid-range EMF meter. The fields in the room should have been consistent and predictable. As you walk toward electrical wiring, the field steadily increases. As you walk away, it steadily decreases. Yet, in this place, sudden violent surges of energy would hit the device randomly. These er-

Tour guide Hester Eby stands in for the ghost. She is five feet five inches tall and comes very close to the spot where the phantom's head is placed. The scale is correct for a woman.

ratic fields seemed to travel around the room, pulsating dynamically. I was thrilled to capture such kinetic jolts on camera, clearly demonstrating something unusual was developing in the charged air. I turned out all the lights. I was standing alone in complete blackness. I could only see through the green viewfinder of my IR video camera, and I sporadically snapped off 35mm shots with my three-D still camera. At any moment I could turn to find a luminous form inches away. The thought was unnerving, and then, it happened:

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" A shot of adrenaline surged through my body when three sharp raps on the wall startled me. I spoke into the darkness:

"Is there someone here who would like to communicate with me?" I asked. "If so, please do that again."

"Knock. Knock."

A chill ran down my spine. No matter how many haunted houses you visit,

This shot gives you a better idea of where the phantom stood

true paranormal activity is so rare that no one can completely prepare for it. I asked once again, "Okay, if there is actually someone here, could you do that again?"

Immediately: "Knock. Knock."

I was overcome by the realization that I might be experiencing communication with something from beyond. And it was just the beginning. The rapping continued off and on. I couldn't tell exactly from where it came, but there were times when it sounded more like it emanated from an outside wall with nothing but vegetation on the other side. Could someone be out there knocking on the wood, playing a joke on me?

Without warning, I quickly and quietly slipped outside. Once again, there was nothing but the cool, moist Louisiana night. I returned to the suite, the heaviness of the room stronger than ever. I measured an electrostatic charge in the air. The hair on my neck stood out, and a tingle touched me.

The rest of the night, the banging and rapping on the walls continued sporadically. I tried to work out a primitive form of communication with a proposed entity—knock once for yes and twice for no. It didn't seem to work though. The percussion would often come at my request, but it was almost always the same: three distinct raps. All night I waited for a visual materialization. But it never hap-

pened. I eventually dozed off and would awaken to the noise from time to time. The last time I heard the knocking was around eight in the morning. When I woke up for good, the entire setting had changed.

The environment was completely normal. The odd surges of electromagnetism and electrostatic charge were gone. That weight in the air had vanished. It was as if a window had been opened on an old, stagnant chamber, allowing the stale air to rush out, cleansing the space with freshness. Whatever had haunted my night was no more.

A gloomy, wet evening had been replaced by a bright sunny day. I went outside to take a better look at the grounds. There were no footprints outside my room, and I'm sure that muddy ground would have been disturbed. There was a small, young tree that touched the outside wall. I moved it around, pulling it back and letting it go like a spring to see if wind could have caused the sounds. No, the sound didn't come close. And besides, the rapping was almost always the same, a consistent three hits. Nonetheless, a physical phenomenon like a bouncing tree would not cause the EMF anomalies I got, not to mention the nerve-rattling scream.

The staff was not at all surprised by my experiences. In fact, they were surprised I hadn't heard more. Guests often report distinct voices, and sometimes the unmistakable shuffling of cards. According to them, activity seems to pick up when it's stormy and rainy, a fitting atmosphere indeed. Although they don't put it on brochures, people do leave in the middle of the night. I can understand that now.

So here I am, lying on what might be the most haunted bed, in the most haunted room, in the most haunted house in America (at least some nights). I'll be here again tonight. Is it Chloe with a message? Will it come back? Are the stains on the floor really blood? Will my 3-D photos develop to yield a fantastic phantasm in glorious depth? We'll see. And by the time this is published you can see for yourself. I'll put an update, with pictures, on my personal website: *www.JoshuaP-Warren.com*. Come check it out.

Joshua P. Warren is a filmmaker, TV personality, and author of fourteen books, including Simon & Schuster's How to Hunt Ghosts. He hosts the radio show, Speaking of Strange, and is the founder & president of L.E.M.U.R., one of the country's premiere paranormal research teams. His museum and tours in Asheville, North Carolina, the oldest mountains in the nation, draw thousands each year.

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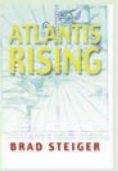

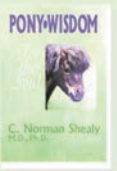

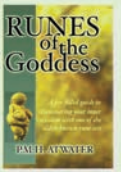

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Deason House

THE INFAMOUS DEASON HOUSE

by Rich Newman

Ask any ghost hunter from the South about their top ten haunted locations and the name bound to come up is the Deason House. It's been listed in guidebooks, mentioned on television programs, and even featured in newspapers. It's possibly the most well-known haunted location in the state of Mississippi.

When a local farmer by the name of Newt Knight marched into the home one night in September 1863 and shot Major Amos McLemore dead in front of the fireplace, it triggered a haunting that is still being experienced today in the historic site. And it was the chance of experiencing this ghostly activity for ourselves that

drew my team, Paranormal Inc., and the crew of the documentary "Ghosts of War" to the location.

Being involved with the production of the documentary, as well as belonging in the paranormal group that was present, I was excited to finally visit such a well known pilgrimage site for paranormal activity. And it wasn't long inside the home before we got a taste of the haunting for ourselves.

It was during a table tipping session that we got some of our most dramatic responses from the spirits there. Table tipping is a technique that dates back to the age of Spiritualism and involves a group of people sitting around a small table. These people place their fingertips lightly on the surface of the table and then proceed to ask questions to the spirits that are present. The ghosts indicate their presence and answer questions by either moving the table (hence the word "tipping") or by making knocking sounds.

While questioning the motivations behind the killing of McLemore during this session, the entire group heard clear, loud bangs in response to our queries.

While questioning the motivations behind the killing of McLemore during this session, the entire group (production team, investigators, curators of the site) heard clear, loud bangs in response to our queries. What was interesting about the knocks/bangs, though, was that they were coming from other areas of the house—areas that were currently unoccupied. These responses went on for some time before we decided to listen to some of the audio that we were capturing during this period. It was then that we learned that there was more than just the possible spirit of McLemore in the house.

After reviewing some of the EVP work (electronic voice phenomena) that was performed earlier in the evening, it was apparent that the spirit of a young girl was also present. Several crystal clear EVPs of this particular spirit were captured in the home, along with what sounded like an angry, male voice.

For those who are not familiar with this technique, EVP simply involves asking questions, with an audio recorder running, to any entities who may be present . Sometimes, when this audio is reviewed, there are actual responses by ghostly voices that investigators did not hear during the act of asking the questions. These are referred to as EVPs. And in this case, we had captured as least two different voices on our recorder.

Singling out the young female, we then proceeded to play an elaborate game of hide and seek with the entity using an EMF detector. We would call out, "We're gonna find you!" Then we would proceed to search out the area with the detector. When it began to beep upon finding an

Paranormal Investigation of the Deason House

odd electromagnetic field (EMF), we would exclaim, "Here you are!" And immediately the detector would stop beeping. It was as if the spirit was playing along and running off to a new hiding spot.

This game went on for about twenty minutes and was filmed by the crew on site—and later we would discover several new EVPs of the young girl during this session that included calls of, "Yoo hoo!" and a disappointed sigh when the game was ended. Clearly she was enjoying the attention and fun. But who is the little girl that haunts this location?

In addition to the infamous killing on the property of Major McLemore, generations of the Deason family (as well as subsequent families who lived in the property) lived and died in the premises since the home was built in the 1840s. It makes sense that mothers and daughters—as well as male members of the families who lived there—passed away while living in the house.

Today, the Deason House is the oldest property in Jones County, Mississippi, and is currently in the care of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Just ask them about the ghosts in the home!

Many of the members of DAR have experienced ghostly activity in the home for themselves—and several were even interviewed for the documentary. The Deason House, like many other locations associated with the Civil War, has been known as a haunted location through the

years since the killing. Many believe that the spirits of those who passed away in the house during the Civil War are the main cause of the activity there.

While Jones County became a hotbed of dissent during the War Between the States, Amos Deason, the owner of the estate during the war, offered up a portion of his home to be used as a makeshift hospital for troops injured during the conflict. During this period, many died on the operating table in the house. The area of the home that is often referred to as the operating room (or the long room) is one of the hottest spots in the house for investigators.

It was in this area, where I was setting up lights for a segment to be shot, that I heard the loud, clear sound of a heavy breath directly in my left ear. It sounded as if someone cupped their hands to the side of my head and breathed a heavy sigh, with a slight moan, right into my ear. But I managed to keep calm during this incident and immediately informed the rest of Paranormal, Inc. of what was happening in the room. This, too, would pay off with evidence during the investigation there.

By the end of our visit, we had captured over thirty Class A EVPs, shot two great sequences with ghostly activity, and gotten a good taste of what makes the Deason House such a great place to visit. Whether it's the history of the location, the paranormal activity that occurs there, or the fine folks that operate the site, it deserves its place among the special haunted meccas in the South.

As for "Ghosts of War," it is now being featured as a web series on Vimeo and can be viewed there (the Deason House episode aired in September 2013). In the meantime, however, much of the evidence gathered during our visit of the haunted home can be reviewed on the official Paranormal Inc. website.

And if you get the chance to visit the Deason House for yourself, don't hesitate to go. Just be sure to take along plenty of audio recorders and be prepared to have a fun game of hide and seek.

Rich Newman *has been investigating the paranormal for over ten years and is the founder of the group Paranormal Inc. His articles have appeared in* Haunted Times *and* Paranormal Underground, *and he is the author of four books. Rich lives in Oakland, Tennessee. Visit him online at* ParanormalIncorporated.com.

Main Street Sauk Center, Minnesota

Haunting Across the Street

by Sarah Agre

Many people have heard of the haunting of the famous Palmer House Hotel in Sauk Center, Minnesota. In fact it was even featured in an episode of *Ghost Adventures*. What most people don't know, however, is that a lesser known haunting exists right across the street from that infamous hotel. This haunting is of the building that houses the Main Street Gallery, antique store and a New Age store, called Heaven and Earth Essentials. With the growing popularity of the Palmer House haunting, activity seems to be increasing at these stores, as ghosts seek a new place to be free from the frequent harassment of ghost hunters. The ghost of Christina Palmer, the wife of the original owner of the Palmer house, has even been encountered in the basement of Heaven and Earth Essentials, .

Barbara Sherwood owns both of these stores and she has learned a great deal

about the paranormal. "I had no idea when I picked this spot to open a business that it was haunted," Sherwood said. "The haunting at the Palmer House Hotel across the street was also something I was unaware of, even though it is highly publicized."

The building housing Sherwood's stores is historic. Its foundation dates back to 1871, with the current structure being built in 1904. Over the years this building has been many things to the community including a hotel, bank, drug store, pool hall, and even a doctor's office owned by Sinclair Lewis's father. Sauk Center was Sinclair Lewis's (one of America's great writers) boyhood home.

Sinclair Lewis's Original Main Street

Since opening the stores, Sherwood has had many haunting experiences, including seeing the ghost of a former building owner through the store window. Sherwood thinks that this ghost was the owner from the 1920s when it was a drug store. The ghost was dressed in his from WWI-military uniform. When she briefly leaves the store (and if no customers are present) merchandise frequently moves off the shelves and is set in middle of the floor. Sherwood also frequently sees the shimmering outline of a person floating in one corner of her Main Street Gallery shop. While doing work at the computer in her office, she smells an unexplained tobacco smell and attributes it to the ghost she has decided to call "John."

On occasion John will do things to help Sherwood out in the stores. One example is the time the door's motion-sensing chime went off to signal that a customer had entered the store. Sherwood stopped the work she was doing to attend to the customer, but no one was in either of the stores. She looked outside, but no one was on the sidewalk. She returned to her work. Ten minutes later the same thing happened. When the motion sensor chimed for a third time, Sherwood realized it was not a person entering the store. She looked around to see what the ghost wanted—and noticed that one of her hanging plants was about to fall. Two of the three wires holding it up had broken off. Sherwood believes it was John the ghost trying to get her attention, and he wanted to make sure that no one was hurt by the plant falling.

People's reactions to these stores being

haunted have been mixed. Some enjoy the stories of the hauntings. Others think Sherwood is crazy for believing in the ghosts. Customers have occasionally reported feeling the presence of the many ghosts in the stores, and the electric company's meter reader has even seen a ghostly old man staring at him while he was in the basement. People have been drawn off the street into the stores because they feel the building is haunted.

Sherwood's experiences in the stores have inspired her to take up the hobby of ghost hunting. Learning about forgotten history through ghost hunting is of particular interest to her. Before having these businesses, Barbara never thought about the paranormal or had any experiences.

The hauntings in her stores have an interesting pattern: they become more intense before major holidays. One psychic who visited the stores felt this occurs because the ghosts really like it when the holidays decorations are put up. Sherwood believes that the stores have around twelve regular ghosts, and some ghosts visit from the Palmer House across the street. In the basement Sherwood has encountered the ghost of a man who highly disapproves of her. This ghost seems to be from the 1880s and really hates the fact the stores are owned by a woman. Another ghost that Sherwood senses around the stores, she calls "Isabel" but this activity appears to be a residual haunting because Isabel is unaware of what is going on around her.

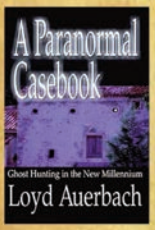
These hauntings have helped Sherwood's businesses by creating a lot of interest about what is happening in the stores, and because of that the stores are attracting many more customers.

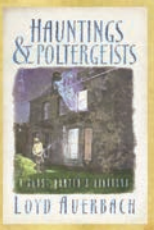
"How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth?"

-Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Loyd Auerbach

Author
and
Parapsychologist





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Water Wheels of Mill at Gennep, 1884 - Vincent Van Gogh

THE AWFUL ROOM AT WILLINGTON MILL

Excerpt From *The Awful Thing in The Attic*

Galde Press Inc.

by Brad Steiger

For two months the nursemaid had tried to ignore the strange noises that she had heard coming from the deserted room over the nursery. The sounds came each night when she was left alone to watch the child—a dull, heavy tread, like someone slowly pacing back and forth.

For eight weeks she had chosen to ignore the sounds, but now, she announced to her employer, Mr. Joseph Proctor, she was asking to be discharged from his service. "I am persuaded that it is something supernatural up there, and it has quite upset me," she told him.

As the woman was obviously in a state of great nervous agitation, Proctor saw no reason why he should attempt to talk her into staying with them. It wasn't long, however, before he too heard the sound of heavy feet in the upstairs room, as did his wife and the other servants. Although puzzled by the eerie tread of invisible feet, the Proctors convinced themselves that there was undoubtedly some natural explanation for the phenomenon.

In spite of their refusal to take the noises seriously, they purposely omitted any mention of the disturbed room when they hired a new nursemaid on January 23, 1835. On her first evening in the nursery, the girl came down to the sitting room to inquire who was in the room above her. The Proctors evaded her questions, putting the whole matter down to "just the usual night noises in an old house."

What is nearly as remarkable as the intense "haunting" of Willington Mill is the fact that the Proctors persisted in living in the house for over eleven years before finally surrendering to some of the most eerie paranormal disturbances on record.

The next day, Mrs. Proctor heard the steps of a man with heavy boots walking about in the upstairs room. That same day, while the family was at dinner, the nursemaid came down the stairs and blinked incredulously at Mr. Proctor. "I've been hearing someone walking in the room above me for five minutes," she told him. "I had come down to assure myself that it wasn't you, sir. But if it isn't you, who is it?"

Proctor inspected the room that night. Trickery seemed out of the question. The empty room was covered with a thin, undisturbed layer of soot, which in itself was proof that not even a mouse had been walking about on the floor. The window had been boarded up many years ago with wooden laths and plaster, and the door to the room had been nailed shut for some time. Proctor descended even more mystified then when he had gone up to conduct his investigation.

On the 31st, the Proctors heard a dozen loud thuds sound next to their bed as they were preparing to retire. On the next night, Joseph Proctor heard a metallic rapping on the baby's crib: There was a brief pacing overhead, and then the sound of footsteps, which were never heard again in the upper room.

But what followed for the next several years included such visible and auditory manifestations that the plodding footsteps were to seem like a baby's first steps in comparison. What is nearly as remarkable as the intense "haunting" of Willington Mill is the fact that the Proctors per-

sisted in living in the house for over eleven years before finally surrendering to some of the most eerie paranormal disturbances on record.

Thomas Mann, the foreman of the mill that was separated from the Proctor's house by a road and a garden, told Proctor that he had heard a peculiar noise moving across the lawn in the darkness. At first, Mann thought it came from the wooden cistern that stood in the mill yard, and he suspected that some pranksters were making off with it. Upon pursuing the noise with a lantern in hand, Mann had found nothing; and the cistern, he later testified, had not been budged. Mann also told Proctor in the strictest confidence that he had been hearing a sound like invisible steps on the gravel walk.

It was shortly after their confidential conversation that both Mann and another neighbor observed the luminous phantasm of a woman in a window of Proctor's house. Both parties had seen the apparition independent of each other, and Mann had called his entire family to witness the phantasm, which was fully visible for over ten minutes.

About a year after the phenomena were in full swing, Jane Carr, Mrs. Proctor's sister, arrived for a stay at the mill. A few minutes before midnight, she was awakened by a noise very much like that of someone winding a large clock. After this "signal noise," her bed began to shake and she clearly heard a sound like that of a heavy sack falling on the floor above. Several strong knocks sounded about her bedstead, and the unmistakable shuffle of feet surrounded her bed.

One night, the phenomena specialized in bed-lifting. It manifested itself under the older child's crib (the disturbances had not prevented the Proctors from producing a family) by raising the mattress until he cried out, then it hoisted the mattress of the bed on which Mrs. Proctor and a new nursemaid were sleeping. Mrs. Proctor described the sensation as feeling "as if a man were underneath pushing it up with his back."

In addition to feet, the poltergeist had soon acquired invisible hands with which to pound on walls and lift beds. These achievements would seem as child's play, however, as the thing began to develop its ability to whistle and talk and materialize itself into a number of grotesque phantoms.

The boys, Joseph and Henry, were awakened one night by a loud shriek, which had sounded from under their cribs. Joseph, Sr., upon investigating, heard an eerie moan coming from somewhere in the room. A bed began to move and the voice spoke its first words—or what sounded like the words, "chuck-chuck." These sounds were followed by a noise similar to that of a child sucking at a bottle. The youngest child, Jane, was moved to another room, but she was not spared the torment of having her bed levitated.

The phenomena had begun to leave its domain on the upper floor and go on foraging expeditions during the night. As is so often the case in poltergeist phenomena, the kitchen seemed to be a favorite target for its nightly forays. The cook would, on several mornings, find the kitchen chairs heaped in a disorderly pile, the shutters thrown open, and utensils scattered about the room.

Mrs. Proctor's brother, Jonathan Carr, spent a night filled with bed-shakings and whistlings and declared that he would not live in the house for any amount of money.

Jane Carr, Mrs. Proctor's sister, was much more strong nerved than her brother, and judging from Proctor's journal, the young woman spent many nights in the afflicted house. One night as she lay sleeping with the cook, Mary Young, the two women were terrified to hear the bolt in their door slide back, the handle turn, and the door open. Something rustled the curtains as it moved across the bed, then it lifted the bedclothes from the trembling figures. As it passed around the bed to Mary's side, both women distinctly saw a dark shadow against the curtain.

Little Jane Proctor was sleeping with her aunt Jane one night when she saw a strange head peeping out at her from the curtains at the foot of the bed. The four-year-old girl later described the head as being that of an old woman, but she became much too frightened to continue her observation and tucked her own head under the covers.

Joseph Jr. was disturbed nearly every night by some facet or other of the phenomena. He reported hearing the words, "Never mind" and "Come and get" being repeated over and over without any meaningful application. Footsteps were constantly parading around his bed, and thumpings sounded about his pillow and other bedclothes.

A Doctor Drury arrived and asked Proctor's permission to carry out an examination of the haunted upper room. Proctor consented and allowed the doctor and his companion, a young chemist, to make preparations to spend the night in the disturbed room. At about one o'clock in the morning, Proctor was awakened by a ghastly shriek of terror coming from the upper floor. Dr. Drury had come face to face with the spectre of the wizened old woman. The two "ghost hunters" spent the rest of the dark hours drinking coffee in the kitchen. They left the house at dawn. Proctor noted in his diary that the doctor had got "a shock that he will not soon cast off."

One of the most incredible materializations of the Willington Mill poltergeist was that of a monkey. Eight-year-old Joseph was seated atop a chest of drawers pretending that he was making a speech to the other children. Suddenly, in full view of all the children, including two-year-old Edmund (the third child that had

been added to the family since the onset of the disturbances), a monkey appeared and began to tug at Joseph's shoe strap.

By the time Joseph, Sr., came running in response to their excited cries, the children were scurrying about the floor, trying desperately to play with the mischievous monkey. Two-year-old Edmund was looking under chairs until his bedtime, trying to locate the "funny cat."

Years later, the memory of that incident was still vivid in Edmund Proctor's mind. In the December, 1892 issue of the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research, he wrote: "Now it so happens that this monkey is the first incident in the lugubrious hauntings, or whatever they may be termed, of which I have any recollection. I suppose it was, or might easily be, the first monkey that I had ever seen, which may explain my memory being so impressed that I have not forgotten it. A monkey, and, upstairs in the nursery, that is the business. My parents have told me that no monkey was known to be owned in the neighborhood, and that after diligent inquiry no organman or hurdy-gurdy boy, either with or without a monkey, had been seen anywhere about the place or neighborhood, either on that day or for a length of time…

I have an absolutely distinct recollection of that monkey, and of running to see where it went to as it hopped out of the room and into the adjoining Blue-room. We saw it go under the bed in that room, but it could not be traced or found anywhere afterwards. We hunted and ferretted about that room, and every corner of the house, but no monkey, or any trace of one, was more to be found."

The white face of what appeared to be an old woman was seen more and more often, but Joseph Jr. soon added an old man to the list of materializations. Aunt Jane Carr did not see the monkey, but she reported that she had heard the "sound of an animal leaping down off the easy chair."

Another astonishing bit of ultra-sophisticated materialization took place when the entity fashioned a double of Joseph, beneath his bed, but imagine his shock upon discovering his mirror-image hiding from him in the shadows. The boy was, at this time, about ten years old so his powers of observation must be given some credence. Besides, having grown up in a most extraordinary home, he was inured to the average run-of-the-mill haunting. Joseph, Jr., said that his spectral self-image, which was even dressed in a manner identical to his, walked back and forth between the window and the wardrobe before it gradually dematerialized.

Shortly after this dramatic episode, the Proctors decided that they had endured enough. Patient Quakers though they were, eleven years of living amidst

incessant psychic disturbances had been enough for them. They had also become fearful of "an unhappy effect, if not a permanent injury on the minds of their children should they remain longer in such a plague-ridden dwelling."

Proctor obtained a residence at Camy, Villa, North Shields, and after assisting with the packing, sent the servants and the children on ahead. The last night Mr. and Mrs. Proctor spent alone in Willington Mill was perhaps the most frightening of all.

Throughout the night they lay and listened to "boxes apparently being dragged with heavy thuds down the now carpetless stairs, non-human footsteps stumped on the floors…and impossible furniture…dragged hither and thither by inscrutable agency; in short, a pantomimic or spiritualistic repetition of all the noises incident to a household flitting."

One dreadful thought kept running through the Proctor's minds: the ghosts were packing to move along with them!

It was with indescribable relief that the Proctors arrived at the new residence to find it completely free of the former taint that had blemished eleven years of their lives. Their residency in the new home was blissfully untroubled by knockings, whistlings, footsteps, and phantasms.

Brad Steiger *is the author of more than a hundred books on the strange and unknown. He lives with his wife Sherry in Forest City, Iowa, with cats, ghosts, and Scandinavian Pixies.*

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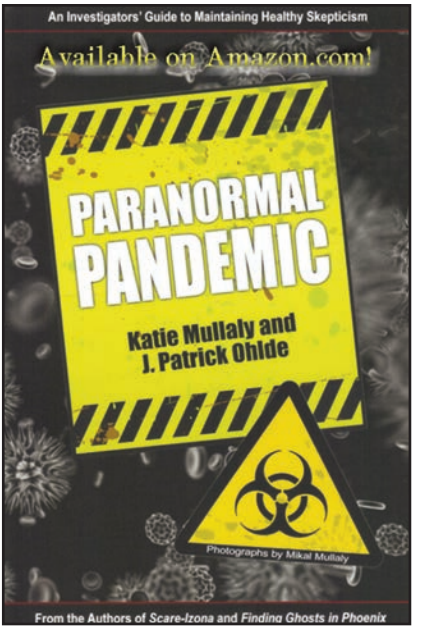
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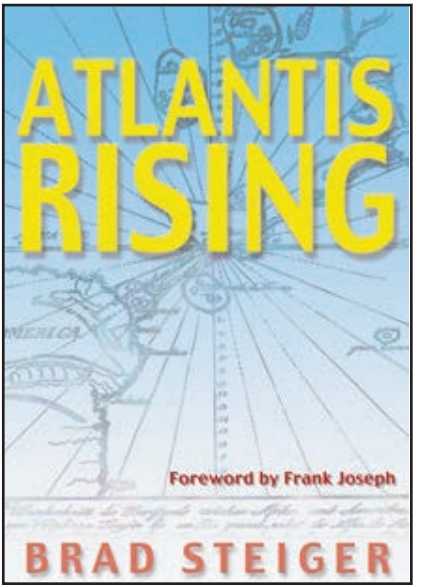
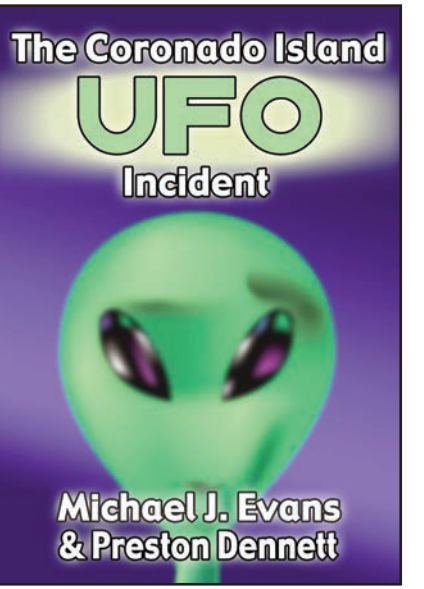

ATLANTIS RISING
Foreword by Frank Joseph
BRAD STEIGER


The Coronado Island UFO Incident
Michael J. Evans & Preston Dennett

Avengers flying in formation over Norfolk, Virginia, 1942
Lt. Comdr. Horace Bristol

FRIENDS

Excerpted from the book *Ghosts of the Air*

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by Martin Caidin

Coincidence is a marvelous stroke. Out of the midnight blue it brings together people of similar natures—often if they're in the same line of interest, with mutual friends. Then there are those times when you establish a new contact, but it turns out your paths have crossed years before, and in the most unique or peculiar ways.

For more than a year I had been hot on the trail of a "paranormal event in flying." That's how it was first described to me, and that's enough of an igniter to get a good blaze roaring. "There's this pilot down in the Miami area," friends told me. "He's about eighty years old, and he's still making commercial runs. You ought to find him."

There are only several tens of thousands of pilots "down in the Miami area." Finding one man who remained nameless ought to be a snap, right?

It was! In fact, Captain Robert J. Hanley, the man I was seeking, found me. If I was writing a book titled *Coincidences of the Air*, this would be one of the prime chapters.

I'd heard that in Bob Hanley's incredible, truly incredible, flying career, and its hundreds of great moments and unique events, there were two specific moments that would demand being captured for these pages. I passed the word among my crowd in Miami, from Frank Quentin Ray at Page Aero (who was a lead figure in rebuilding my three-engined Junkers Ju-52/3m German bomber, and who knew everybody) to Phil Paxton out of Okeechobee, because Phil has flown (literally) hundreds, maybe thousands, of airplanes throughout the world on delivery and demonstration flights, and if Phil doesn't know someone, they sure as hell know him. Ray Martin raced around the ocean and island areas off the Miami coast and sometimes punched north and west in everything from luxury choppers to Lear jets, and since Ray and I had flown together in a couple of Messerschmitts and the Ju-52 (more affectionately known as Iron Annie), and Ray was in the charter business, he was a great bet to find one Robert J. Hanley.

After an enormous effort it all went to naught.

Bob Hanley found me without even knowing I was searching him out. Most of the aviation magazines and publications in the United States were kind enough to print notices and requests from me, explaining to their readers that *Ghosts of the Air* was in its research phase, and Hey! you guys and ladies out there, let's hear from you. Bob Hanley read one of those notices.

That started the roll of coincidence. Bob Hanley was and is a seaplane pilot, one of the grand masters of flying-boat skills and experience. I've done some water work in everything from jittery Luscombes on floats to Martin PBM Mariner boomers with everything from long-water takeoff runs to explosive leaps into the air,

propelled by great banks of rockets on each side of the hull. More recently, in a venerable old Convair PBY-6A Catalina, a bird belonging to Connie Edwards of Big Spring, Texas, we'd done flying out of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, runways, off the waters of Lake Winnebago, and then on to Canada, the Azores, Portugal, Spain, England, and all the way back through Bermuda.

So the common thread was growing thicker between us, but I had no idea of just how marvelously far it would stretch. When I rebuilt my Ju-52 at Miami International Airport, I bought a bunch of engines and cowlings from Chalk Airways, right off the Grumman Mallard flying boats they used for commercial passengers flying out of Miami through the Bahamas and other points in Vacationland.

Then, before I even spoke to Bob Hanley, his first letter arrived.

"I've read a note about your forthcoming book that you plan to write—Unusual Happenings. And I've heard about what you're after, so I took the trouble to write down the details of two of those 'unusual happenings' that occurred in my flying career. I hope they will contribute to the work you're writing."

Bob Hanley, having been in the flying business forever and three days more, knew that a requirement of this book was verification. He didn't give me the opportunity to start that gristmill working, but wrote:

"I believe we have a mutual friend in Connie Edwards, who will attest to my honesty. In the eighteen years I owned and flew Catalina Channel Airlines, I landed in the open sea for some kind of record forty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty-four crossings to and from Catalina in flying boats…and that's without any accident of any kind."

Read that again. A total of 44,754 landings in the open sea in flying boats during a period of eighteen years with a perfect safety record! And that doesn't include another forty years and more of flying and landing in landplanes and other seaplanes throughout the world.

Bob Hanley has the knack of saying something quietly and leaving you short of breath. In his first letter he gave me a cut-to-the-bone capsule of some flying background.

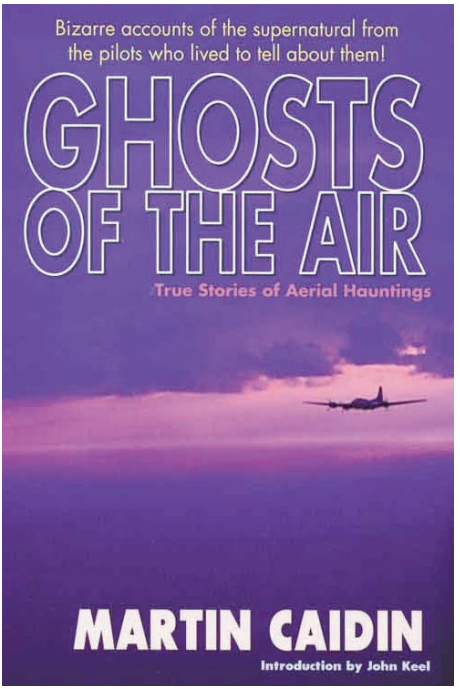
"I soloed in 1926, and I've flown for Eastern Air Transport and Pan American Airways. I have extensive test pilot experience with Chance Vought, Seversky, Vultee, and Douglas."

If you hear a ringing in your ears, it's just the sound of the opening bell. When he first wrote me on 14 April 1989, Bob Hanley was one month short of his eightieth birthday. Right behind that word was the added note that not only was Hanley selling and flying amphibian aircraft for Amphibian Sales, Incorporated, in Miami, but he was also still flying Douglas DC-9 twin-jet airliners and the huge four-en-

gine DC-8 jetliners.

He added a fillip at the end of his first letter: "I did have the pleasure of meeting you several times."

Well, that was nice. But when? Where? How? Hanley's next letter filled in the gaps:


Bizarre accounts of the supernatural from the pilots who lived to tell about them!
GHOSTS OF THE AIR
True Stories of Aerial Hauntings
MARTIN CAIDIN
Introduction by John Keel

"I promise you more stories in the future, especially along the lines of those eighteen years of flying to Catalina and doing all those landings in the open sea with no accidents, I might add, like yourself in the Ju-52. Speaking of your Ju-52 German bomber, and those engines you purchased from Chalk, I went with Jerry Dobby to Frakes to help select your engines. You, of course, may not remember, but you took me with you through the Ju-52 when you were based at Merritt Island, and we shared experiences, you on the Junkers, and I with my Ford Tri-Motor experiences."

Before getting into two separate "Friends" incidents of Captain Robert J. Hanley ("Friends" could just as aptly be titled "Voices"), share with me a brief look into that long and eventful life in flying. Consider his incredible flight record, his vast expanse of experience, and then, when someone questions what people like Bob Hanley say in absolute frankness and integrity, keep in mind that Hanley was there, and the others weren't anywhere but on their backsides, harping like chattering birds.

"My first solo flight," Hanley recalls, "was accidental. It was accidental because I was doing a fast taxi in an OX-5 Swallow when I guess I was taxiing just a bit too fast and maybe I hit a bump or something, but the next thing I knew that Swallow was going up, and the earth was falling away, and all I could do was fly. Very scary."

Soon after, notching hours steadily, Hanley was flying a Pitcairn Mail Wing biplane for an out-of-the-way airline and then transferred to Eastern Air Transport where the big thrill was flying Curtiss Kingbirds for eighteen months. Pan

American Airways beckoned with an offer to get into "different" flying, and Hanley was soon at the controls for Pan American flying boats.

This was the mid-1920s, and Hanley, a tall and ruggedly handsome man with piercing blue eyes, was approached by one of the best-known (if not most popular) businessmen in Florida. Hanley had gone to Saint Catherine School in downtown Miami with another youngster; the two became fast school friends. With school behind them his friend, Frank, showed curiosity about Hanley's flying.

"You any good?" Frank asked.

"Very good," Hanley answered immediately. "You, ah, got lottsa time?"

Hanley's eyes locked on Frank. "Hundreds of hours. Maybe thousands," he boasted. He was fast and cocky, and he'd do whatever he needed to get into flying for a living, and he knew Frank's family was not only wealthy but powerful, and that spelled connections and flying. So he didn't add that he really had just about one hundred hours.

"My old man's having a pool party, you know, over at the Palm Island house? You come over tonight. My old man wants to talk to you."

Bob Hanley was there right on time. Frank's father took him aside. "So, you fly an airplane, right? Would you like to fly for us?"

Hanley looked Al Capone straight in the eye, just as he'd done with his son, Frank. "You bet," Hanley said.

"Okay. You set yourself up early by going by boat to the Bahamas. Then you go to West End, Freeport, at night. You can land and take off from the water in the dark? Good. We load up the airplane with the hard stuff, and you fly it right here to One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street in Biscayne Bay."

Hanley's career in seaplanes was launched. This was 1926, prohibition was the big brouhaha of the day, and "everyone, it seemed, was moving liquor and making a fortune," Hanley recalled. He had one slight problem; he was still only seventeen years old! Little matter; the next day he was "at work." He took the Bahamas ferry-type service from Miami for the five-hour run to West End. When night fell, he was in knee-length boots, leather helmet, scarf and goggles, and loading native whiskey, the bottles wrapped in straw and burlap, into the single-engine Commandaire biplane on floats. As soon as he checked to be sure no police were about, he fired up the airplane, took off on a long run in the dark, and one hour and ten minutes later he was tying up the Commandaire at 125th Street. He helped unload twenty-six cases of whiskey, his average load.

He was paid $26 per case or $676 for the delivery flight, and that is a whopping figure for a seventeen-year-old in 1926!

Hanley was still attending high school, and to his friends he had all the heroic stature of an astronaut today. Soon he had several thousand dollars stuffed under his mattress at home—and then came that infamous cry of "Look out!"

He had just landed at 125th Street and sat comfortably on the top wing of the floatplane as servants unloaded the whiskey. Then a whistle blew shrilly, and someone yelled "Look out!" and another voice called to Hanley, "Get out! Get the hell outta here!"

Hanley dropped into the cockpit, the servants shoved the floatplane into the bay, Hanley fired up the engine and had just managed to get airborne when the coast guard blasted away at him. He skimmed inches above the coast guard ship. He had it made; he could easily have flown back to Freeport and obscurity on the island. But he was ticked off, and he banked tightly and with full power dived at the coast guard to buzz the boat. Big mistake; Hanley turned with the city's lights behind him silhouetting the plane, the gunners got a clear shot, and a heavy rifle slug tore into Hanley's leg. Now, his boot pooling his blood, he turned for Freeport.

He didn't make it. Shock and loss of blood worked quickly, and Hanley passed out in the air. By some incredible set of circumstances, whatever they were, and nobody knows, the airplane flew down to a landing in a mangrove swamp several miles from Freeport. When Capone's men got there, they found Hanley still unconscious and the Commandaire safely on floats—the engine still idling. They dragged Hanley from the cockpit and rushed him by speedboat to a secret Capone base in the Bahamas. No one suspected that the wrecked and "abandoned" cement boat lying off Bimini was a huge distillery, a packaging plant, a weapons cache, and a hospital. Hanley made it, stinking of blood and whiskey, and he came to with a doctor holding up the rifle slug for him to see.

As soon as he could walk, he was back in the air for Capone, this time flying Model 71-C Fairchilds with special loads out of the Bahamas and dropping in skillfully on short makeshift runways in the Everglades. He was making so much money now, he didn't have room to hide the cash under his mattress and instead buried it.

He was still going to high school five days a week during all this flying, getting top grades, and during evenings and weekends knocking off the delivery flights. Finally, after more than eighty trips for Capone (and some real derring-do sessions as well), he graduated from high school. It was time to bail out. He made his peace and parting from Capone, gathered up his earnings, now a sizable fortune, and used the rum-running money to finance his college education.

Bob Hanley prepared for me from his

own records, logbooks, and other information he kept during his many years of flight, two separate "incidents," during which the reality we know in everyday life was put aside for the reality of the moment for him and the people who depended for their lives on Hanley's knowledge and skills. He titled each report; read it now as it came to me.

THE CATALINA VOICE

Pilots who have never related to the days when the only radio communications were the balky, intermittent, cranky, and often maddening low-frequency systems may regard this flight as something from the dinosaur age of flying. But it was the way the world went before superelectronics items came on the scene; it was the real and the only stuff of life, and flying under lousy weather conditions demanded knowledge and skills often missing in our bright young men of today.

Of course, some luck never hurt us then, just as it doesn't hurt today. But the past can and does teach. Often it teaches more than the mechanical acts of moving controls and judging your actions by what some gauges indicate to you. The point is, you can always learn something in almost everything you do.

A long time ago I flew as a lead pilot for the Amphibian Air Transport Company. Even the name seems antiquated, the sort of name you expect to see painted on a wooden board and swinging in the wind by the company office. But it was real enough. We were operating Grumman G-21 Goose aircraft, amphibians with two radial engines each, and the birds had bench seats that allowed you to stuff ten people in the cabin, or, if we were all a bit more candid than that, we carried whatever you could stuff through the door that we could get away with. Our route usually cut a line from Long Beach Airport to Catalina Island off the California coast. What a flight usually called for was an uneventful takeoff from Long Beach and then a most eventful landing in the water at Good Ole Avalon. It was always eventful because it was an open-sea landing that held—or concealed—the possibility of never being the same twice. You could always count on something unexpected that could snag you.

Yet we did it with persistence, safety, reliability that amazed even us, and the operation (against most predictions) earned money on a steady basis. The owners of the company must have been as much amazed as they were surprised when they found their coffers filling, so they decided to expand. They instituted another operation out of Burbank that offered close-in service to the Hollywood crowd that made Catalina Island a favorite for more damned hanky-panky than I believed was possible. But that was their game, and they played it to the hilt, and we were ready to wing them back and forth. The new operation went off with a

bang—if you'll forgive the pun.

All this narrows down to a Sunday afternoon, in early autumn. The end of summer gave us a repetition of overcast skies and heavy cloud levels, but still retaining plenty of visibility. On this particular day we had a ceiling of eleven hundred feet. The cloud tops were reported to us as four thousand feet, but what counted was that we had eight miles visibility, and that's great. The kind of season's end with a peaceful Sunday.

Having operated out of Long Beach the entire day under the overcast, my last trip was from Long Beach for an "end of the day" pickup at Burbank. Going over the cloud deck wasn't usually a problem, but I was paying just a bit more attention to the weather because of clouds forming lower than usual, and in heavy concentration, in Cvenga Canyon; this was the canyon area between Hollywood and Burbank.

In short order our agent was loading ten eager passengers into the Goose. While we waited a bit for a ticket pickup, a young navy lieutenant came forward to me and asked if he could sit in the copilot seat. It's a privilege we usually provided for a guy who spent his own money on a ticket. I took stock of the man; young, small, junior lieutenant, and a pilot so new his wings were shiny enough to smart my eyes even through my sun shades! Damn, it made me feel old.

Well, everything got loaded, the cabin door was shut, and I got the signal to move out. We staggered off the ground from Burbank and shortly thereafter flew into the canyon. Everything normal, but damned sure not for long.

I noticed, with a bit of a start, that the cars along the highway were higher than the Goose. That's calculated to get your attention with a sharp snap. It dawned on me that these clouds had settled in a lot lower than I'd expected, and that something on the order of a "full instrument-flight climbout" had to be undertaken real soon.

At first I told myself, "Aw, hell, this is just a piece of cake for an old hand," and I was an old hand. The Goose had a good instrument panel, so for the few minutes it should take us to climb to the top of the cloud deck into clear air shouldn't present any problems. Just hold a steady climb of three hundred feet per minute, hold my course steady-on of 185 degrees to the island, contact Long Beach by radio, and the rest of it would be easy. If things went the way they had in the past, Long Beach radio would approve a letdown through the overcast, and shortly thereafter I'd be able to see the island.

Then the old Murphy's Law went into effect. Whoever the hell Murphy was, he was also always right. If anything bad could happen, it would happen. And it damned well did. Climbing steadily and halfway up through that overcast, I noticed that the antenna wire that tied in to

the insulator in front of the windshield was suddenly loaded with ice. The ice would shake violently and then burst away. That wasn't so bad, but then the entire windshield coated over with ice. I couldn't see a damn thing. I noticed my space cadet with the shiny new navy wings looking at me with a pale expression on his face, and it wasn't any reflection from the windshield.

We went upstairs a bit slower than I wanted, but that was to be expected, and we broke out into the clear with the altimeter pegged exactly at four thousand feet. That cloud layer, now below us, was absolutely flat as far as the eye could see. Not a lump anywhere; it looked as if it had been shaved by some giant razor blade. Now, I ask you to keep in mind these were the days of low-frequency radio, and no radar to get a dumb dude out of his stupid mistakes.

I realized suddenly I didn't have any radio. When that last chunk of ice tore away from the antenna, it took the antenna with it. I hadn't even seen it, I was paying so much attention to all the other ice forming on us. Now, how was I going to make radio contact with Long Beach? You need a working radio and antenna to do that. Mine had blown away with the wind from Murphy's Law.

So I told myself, aw, shucks, don't worry none. Fly your airplane, dude. Count just the minutes from Burbank to Long Beach. That's twenty minutes. Then from Long Beach to the island, it's only seventeen minutes more. Any air jock worth his salt could handle this one. Just figure the time from Burbank, that's twenty minutes, add another ten minutes, let down into the Catalina Channel, look for the island, and set up the landing. Nothing to it.

But through the dead radio and the dead earphones, a voice spoke clearly to me: "Turn to nine zero degrees. Turn now." That was crazy, but so was hearing the voice, and I don't know why I did what I was being told, but I rolled

The thirty minutes went by. I began letting down, and we were swallowed up by the thick clouds. I played everything with absolutely tight attention. Another miserable five minutes in my descent, and the island would show. Piece of cake.

I was letting down on a bearing of 180 degrees when someone spoke to me. It took a moment to realize that was dumb. I still had on my earphones, and they were dead. Those phones blocked out all other voices. But through the dead radio and the dead earphones, a voice spoke clearly to me: "Turn to nine zero degrees. Turn

now." That was crazy, but so was hearing the voice, and I don't know why I did what I was being told, but I rolled onto a heading of ninety degrees.

The shock hit me like ice water in my face when we broke through the clouds, the altimeter showing nine hundred feet. Where the hell were we?

Hills and mountains loomed all about, under and to the right of my wingtip. I was supposed to be over open water—that is, if I'd followed my original course and flight plan. Now, how the hell could hills and a mountain get under my right wing? Didn't I let down going to the east? According to my timing, if any hills were to show, they should have been the Palo Verde Hills on my left.

Well, the shock sort of settled in, and I kept flying, and I got another dose of figurative ice water in my face when I discovered Avalon under the nose of the airplane. Damn! Setting up the landing and taxiing to the dock was, frankly, pretty damned anticlimactic. The usual navy boy who greeted our flights waited on the dock for me. When I shut down the engines and the props quit, he dashed up to me and grabbed my hand and shook it wildly.

"Captain," he said with awe, "I'll never figure out how you knew when to descend and come into Catalina like you did. I've never seen such precision! And in this weather…" He shook his head and grinned. "It was like someone brought you in here right on the nose."

I stared at him and decided not to answer.

Now, want the epilogue to all this? Most pilots by now would be clamoring to know what went wrong. Well, you1l recall my saying how absolutely flat was that top of the cloud deck, right? It turned out later, when I researched every moment of my flight, that the tabletop flatness of the cloud layer had been caused by a wind of seventy miles an hour from the north.

And that wind had almost guaranteed that when I let down into the clouds, I would fly smack into Mount Arizaba, which reached to eighteen hundred feet.

I didn't hit the mountain because a voice in dead earphones, when I was flying absolutely blind, told me to "Turn to nine zero degrees. Turn now."

Where did that voice come from? That's where I run out of answers. The whole thing seemed impossible, but I'd heard the voice, and I obeyed it.

And whoever, whatever, spoke to me prevented the first air casualties on Catalina Island. If I hadn't turned, every one of us would have been dead.

Bob Hanley never found out any more about this flight than what you just read. But it wasn't the end of the "inexplicable." Hanley had friends that…well, that shouldn't have had any effect on what he was doing in his airplanes. But the fact of the matter is that he did have those friends, and there are few moments in the

history of flight that are more compelling than what you're about to read in Bob Hanley's own words.

OLD FRIEND

Most pilots, especially the older guys with a great many hours behind them representing a hell of a lot of experience, have the wherewithal and the reality to weave tales intricate and fascinating, sometimes leaving their audience speechless.

Now, those of us who've been around the Horn a bunch of times usually select most carefully just what we'll tell to whom. It's one thing to relate mechanical details, or even harrowing moments of ice loading up a machine, or engine failure over the ocean, or being struck by lightning, or being on fire—that's the everyday working fare of the longtime pilot, and you really don't fuss much when it comes to whoever hears those stories.

But there are damned few pilots who will ever relate an ethereal happening, not just to the groundbound, but even to almost all other pilots, because of the reaction they might face. Odds are they won't be believed, except by other pilots who have faced these "impossible moments" themselves. Well, there come those times when to hell with disbelief and those who don't believe. They weren't there, they lack the knowledge or imagination to place themselves in other situations, so they don't count. And this particular telling, which either borders on the edge of unreality or steps far over its bounds for the average person, I must place in that category of "believe it or not." I was there, it happened to me, and that is what counts. I have no urge to deal with people whose blinders extend backwards from their eyes to squeeze their brains.

So, the memories of this event carry me back to the late 1940s when I earned my way through life as the captain in command of a four-engined Douglas DC-4 for a nonscheduled airline. The time of year is best described as deep winter. That means weather that not only concerns most pilots on regular or charter runs, but also means life-or-death situations. It spells ice on the wings, clouded and iced-up windshields, frigid cockpits, choking engines, metal becoming brittle, fuel lines clogging up, and being forced into wicked instrument approaches in high winds with blowing snow, in the dark, onto icy runways with absolutely no braking.

Fun times.

Now to specifics. We flew out of Chicago with a solid load aboard the DC-4. Usually we made a "standard run" out of Chicago to Burbank, but the dispatcher gave us a destination change before we left. "It's Oakland, California, for you people," was his cheery departure. Hey, that was great. We delighted in the change because it broke an established ho-hum routine, and it also added additional pay for the extra stop on the way.

When I said we flew out of Chicago

with a solid load aboard, I didn't mean crated cargo. I meant a solid load of passengers. The live kind, filling the seats. Our plane gave them a real sense of flight, for our DC-4 wasn't a new commercial model, but a surplus C-54 Skymaster converted to civilian passenger operations. She was a war-weary but tough old bird. We flew out of Chicago loaded right to the top numbers, and the DC-4 settled down to climb power and rose steadily to our cruising altitude of eleven thousand feet. There's something special about a plane that's been through the grind. This one had received a lot of super care and attention from her flight and ground crews. The engines were jewels. They sounded healthy, and that almost always means they are. Not a murmur or a kick or a miss all the way to our assigned altitude, and we eased back the power to long-range cruise and settled down for the route to Cheyenne, Fort Bridger, Salt Lake, Reno, and then into Oakland.

The DC-4 isn't anywhere near the size of the jetliners booming the flight lanes today, and like I say, we were a converted war-weary, but in addition to the crew, we had 120 passengers—live souls, as we say—aboard our bird. Being honest is a habit of mine, and I often thought about those passengers. Most of them felt a confidence in our trip that betrayed their anxiety to get to their destinations sooner than the old girl could carry them through the night.

Our present route took us along the airway known as Green Three, one of those invisible highways in the sky marked only by electronics and numbers. It also gave us, on this night, an "over the top" flight that put all the heavy snowstorms well beneath us. That was a lucky break for all concerned—airplane, crew, and passengers. Our view from the cockpit was its usual stunning night scene. It's strange to use that phrase, usual stunning, but that's just the way it really is. We didn't seem to be moving. We were suspended in night space, and the earth rolled slowly toward and beneath us, displaying its snowcapped mountains and a world of silver beneath a nearly full moon. It was incredible, the kind of sight you never really get accustomed to, but marvel at, and it's a sight not afforded to many mortals.

We settled down to the routine of eating up the miles, and the quiet set in. We drank a lot of coffee, called the flight-service stations along our route, and spoke to many invisible voices talking back to us by radio, and we also followed an erratic ADF—an automatic direction finger needle—to a destination ahead of us. The ADF was starting to be more erratic than it was automatic, and we all looked at the instrument readings with some automatic caution in our thinking.

This flight could hardly have been better. A machine purring like a contented big cat, the night, peaceful serenity, the weather well beneath us.

That's when Fate tosses in the cold dice.

One of the stewardesses rushed into the cockpit, her face showing alarm. Your first thought is that there's something wrong in the mechanical sense; not this time.

"Captain! One of our passengers has just passed out! It's a little Chinese girl. She's very pregnant and—"

"Where is she?" I broke in.

"In the middle of the cabin. On the floor. She's unconscious," came the staccato reply.

"You said very pregnant?"

"Yes, sir. And she looks terrible."

"You ask for a doctor?"

"Yes, sir." The stew showed her dismay. "None aboard, sir."

So I was suddenly smack in the middle of the emergency you read about that happens to someone else, but never to you. An unconscious, pregnant girl, passed out on the aisle floor, and no doctor aboard. And we were at eleven thousand feet—

"Take it down to nine thousand," I told my copilot.

"Got it," he confirmed. I was out of my seat like a shot and starting back into the cabin. As I ran down the aisle, I was wondering whether I had a dead girl on my hands or a young woman grievously ill. One could quickly lead to the other. But by starting down to our minimum safe altitude of nine thousand feet, we would at least increase both air pressure and oxygen content; that could be critical. I went back to the still form lying on the floor and found a tiny Chinese girl. I estimated her to be about twenty years old; unconscious and pale, she looked only half that age.

She was lying face up, and my stewardess was already applying oxygen from an emergency pressure bottle. One thing struck me that I remembered later. Her face coloring had the strangest even streaks, much like what I'd expect when looking at a multicolored venetian blind. I never did understand that. Anyway, what mattered at the moment was keeping her alive. The stewardess kept the oxygen under forced pressure to that tiny, helpless face, while I applied pressure to the sides of her chest, all the time exceedingly careful not to press against that mound that held her unborn child.

After that "eternity" of sweating it out, every bit of twenty minutes, she began to stir. Her eyes flickered. I call this sliding back to the edge of livability. And let me tell you, all of you, this is when a frightened pilot looks upward, and beyond, and unashamedly he says, "Thanks."

I returned to the cockpit. We were level at nine thousand; the copilot kept her right on the money. I eased back into my seat, and we established radio contact with the Fort Bridger flight station, telling them what had happened.

They asked us to stand by while they

made an emergency call. "We recommend you divert for an emergency landing," Fort Bridger called back, "at Salt Lake. They've been notified, and they have confirmed a doctor and ambulance will be waiting for your passenger."

Until this moment I loved the weather for this flight. It was lousy down below, pure unadulterated rotten, but it was below us for the entire scheduled leg we were flying. Now, suddenly, rotten weather was reaching up to grab us.

From the ideal situation we enjoyed, we'd have to punch our way down to the airport at Salt Lake. Terrific. Five miles visibility, which wasn't bad, but the rest of it was going to hell in a handbasket. Blowing snow. Ceiling four hundred feet and liable to drop any moment. Poor or nonexistent braking on an icy runway. Oh, joy! Just what a pilot needs to round out a perfect emergency!

Then Salt Lake radio added to our joy. They warned us that the visibility in Diablo Canyon (damned well named, let me tell you), through which we had to fly, was absolute zero. We'd be flying blind in the true sense of the word, our existence depending upon instruments, an erratic navigation system, and just how well we performed.

Well, everything to this moment was part and parcel of a pilot's life. But here, now, hangs the absolutely serious, and the unbelievable—or call it miraculous—part of what happened. We cinched our straps, triple-checked all gauges and controls, and came smoothly to the Diablo Canyon marke.

Martin Caidin *(1927 – 1997) was an author, professional pilot, and Veteran of World War II. He was a consultant to many publications, broadcast networks, and business firms in the areas of science, aviation, and advanced technology. Caidin wrote more than 200 books.*

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Saul and the Witch of Endor—1777

Ghosts and Hauntings

by Echo Bodine

Ghosts, hauntings and ghostbusting certainly has changed over the last five years. When I first got into ghostbusting back in the 80's, there was none of the hoopla that there is today. People were actually pretty quiet about having a ghost in their house for fear that others would think they were crazy.

Nowadays people are clammering to get their haunted house on TV and let everyone know they live with ghosts. With all the new technology involving ghost hunting, I worry that the ghosts are getting lost in all the excitement. About a year ago I was working with a tv crew on identifying the ghosts in a house and the producer was way more interested in me confronting the woman about her alcoholism and saying that the ghosts were demons instead of telling the actual story that was going on.

The main ghost was a cranky old man who didn't want these people in the house with him. He wasn't a demon and it certainly wasn't my place as a ghostbuster to tell the woman she needed to quit drinking. But the producers of the show felt this was what the viewing audience wanted instead of the crabby old ghost or the teenage ghosts that were haunting the daughter's bedroom.

With these new electronic gadgets such as EVPs and EMFs that the next generation of ghostbusters are using, I worry that people are forgetting that ghosts are people who are no longer living and have chosen to remain earthbound for one reason for another. I'm also cautious about the information coming through these machines because I've been in the room with ghosts while people are listening to their spirit boxes, and it's clear to me that the ghosts are not saying what these spirit boxes are saying. I think it's more about the spirit boxes picking up the thoughts of the ghostbusters. I know I'm not going to be very popular for saying that, but it's been my experience that the ghosts are not saying the scary words coming out of the spirit boxes.

People want to be scared, and they want proof that there's life after death, but from my perspective, they are not getting accurate data. I've observed ghosts watch the people as they react to words coming out of the EVPs and the ghosts have asked me what the people are doing. When I tell them that people think that the words coming out the spirit boxes are coming from them, they either get a look of confusion, or they laugh.

Another thing that's not going to make me very popular is commenting on the current shows. In my 40-year career as a ghostbuster, I've never once met a demon. In order to be a demon, you had to be a very evil or demonic person in your life and then chose not to move on to the other side after your death. There are demonologists out there who work with demons so I'm not saying they aren't real. I'm simply saying they are not as prevalent as the TV shows want us to believe.

Another explanation is that masses of

negative energy come together to form what we would perceive as an entity. An example of how that might occur would be in a household where there was a lot of mental, emotional, physical, or sexual abuse and the energy of those experiences hung in that house and eventually came together to form a blob of bad energy. Fear feeds these blobs so if there are people living in the home feeling this negative energy, they will cause this energy blob to grow. But it's a blob of energy. It's not a soul and does not have a personality. If the house is never cleared of the negative energy it's going to affect future people that move in.

Have I met some mean ghosts? Many. Have I been assaulted by ghosts? Four times in my career.

A male ghost in south Minneapolis tried pushing me down the stairs. A female ghost tried pushing me down the stairs in a bar in Wilder, Kentucky. A male ghost in a warehouse in Eden Prairie slapped me on the back of the neck, which actually left a red mark. A female ghost in Seattle tried choking me so that I would stay away from her "boyfriend," the owner of the house. Have I ever met a demon? No.

Ghosts come in all shapes and sizes. Bad attitudes and not so bad. They are people. People who have died and chosen not to go on to the other side for one reason or another. Many are afraid to go to heaven because they are afraid they will be sent to hell for things they did in their life. Many don't want to run into someone on the other side who they hate, or are afraid of. Some had no concept of a life after death so they didn't know what to do when their body died and their soul came out of the body. Even when angels or deceased relatives came to bring them back home, they felt confused and didn't trust that they were real.

Contrary to what we see and hear on television, it isn't that common for a ghost not to know they're dead. I've only met one who would not accept that he was dead, so he lived in denial. He was a Vietnam soldier who was killed in the war, but instead of moving on into the light, his soul came back to the Twin Cities where his home was and found a young woman and man living in his house. Ghosts have no concept of time, so even though the war had been over for years and years, Kenneth didn't think any time had passed. He made it his mission to get this young woman and her roommate out of his house. He jumped up and down on her bed at night, and pulled clothes out of her closets and knocked things off her dresser. When I showed up to find out what was going on at her house, I saw young Kenneth in his uniform with a big hole blown right through him.

At first I didn't understand why he looked like that (similar to the ghosts in the movie *Sixth Sense*). Once I got him talking, I asked him why he was here and he told me he came home from the war

and "this bitch was living in his house." Hmmm. I asked him what year he thought it was (the actual year was late '90s) and he said 1968. It was then that I realized he was in denial about his death so I knew I had to first help him deal with that before trying to get him to go on to the other side. He was pretty angry when I first told him he was deceased. He asked me why I was saying this to him and that it wasn't true and he left the room and didn't come back for about five minutes. We went through the same scenario about three times and he finally settled into the realization that he was deceased. His soul cried (not wet tears, but they do cry emotional tears). The back and forth exchange with Kenneth took four hours, and in the end he did go on to the other side. All I did was talk to him about how nice it would be for him to get a fresh start in a new place where he was welcomed home.

What does a ghost look like? You and me. Are they scary looking? Not really, just transparent. Do they "wear" clothes? They appear in clothing that is similar to what we would expect them to wear. If they were a blue jeans and shirt person, that's how they will appear. I don't think I've ever seen a ghost in the kind of formal wear that we usually bury or cremate people in.

Why do they "haunt" our homes? They want to live somewhere and often they will choose a house that has other ghosts in it or has a teenager in it. Teenagers are very sensitive and like being scared. They (no, not all of them) love the drama of having a ghost so that can be a magnet for ghosts. Especially if there's a Ouija board in the house. They love Ouija boards. Finally someone to talk to and scare. Dying in a home or if it's an older home does not mean the house is going to be haunted. Ghosts like new homes just as much as older homes. A question I'm commonly asked is if you live in a haunted house and then move, does the ghost move with you. I've only ever had one ghost follow a family to their new home and it was because he had fallen in love with the wife. Most ghosts don't like change and will stay put until a ghost investigator/counselor/buster comes and gets them to go to the other side. If you suspect you have a ghost, be sure the person you hire can see and communicate with your ghost so that you can get rid of the problem.

I've written a book called *The Little Book of True Ghost Stories* that is full of facts and stories about ghosts. I also have a new book coming out, *What Happens When We Die*.

One last question. Are there more ghosts during Halloween? No. Just more awareness of them.

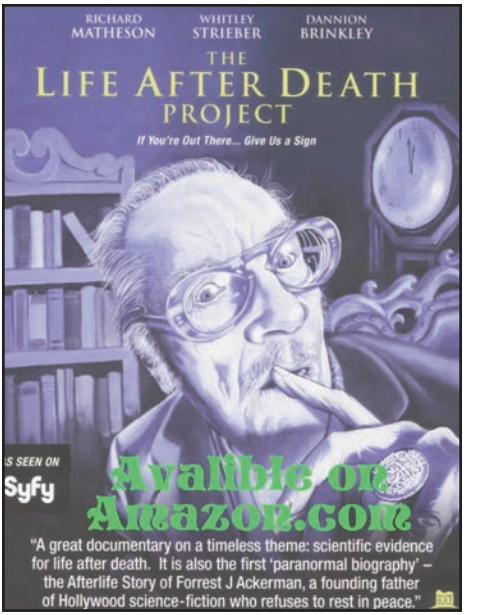
Echo Bodine *first discovered she was born with psychic abilities and the gift of healing at the age of 17. Her abilities include clairvoyance (seeing), clairaudience (hearing), clairsentience (sensing), and clairgus-*

tance (smell). She took psychic classes for two years and practiced on friends and family for twelve years before beginning her full time practice as a psychic, healer and ghostbuster in 1979.

Echo hosted her own cable TV show called New Age Perspectives *for two years, and co-hosted the* The Edge TV. *She also had her own radio show on FM107 in Minneapolis for 3 years called* Intuitive Living, *and Paramount Pictures solicited her services for the promotion of the movie* Ghost.

From 2003 to the present Echo has been the director of The Center for Intuitive Living where she teaches numerous classes on spiritual development, living by intuition, ghost busting, psychic development and laying on hands healing classes. In 2010 she began doing on-line psychic development classes with instructor Leigh Hopkins of the Viva Institute in Brazil.

Echo has written several books, produced numerous meditation CDs and instructional DVDs. Check out her store for details: www.echobodine.com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Buffalo State Hospital, photo courtesy of Ken Schuler

The History of Mental Institutions

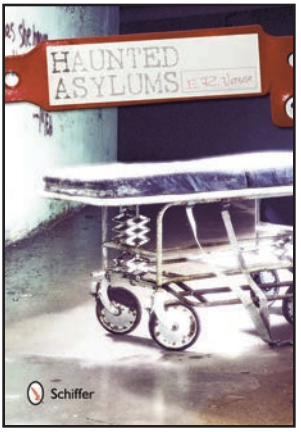
From Haunted Asylums

by Corvis Nocturnum

Prior to the year 1844, the mentally ill were stashed away in prisons or taken away, crammed into anywhere they could be kept out of sight from "decent folk," many times hidden in the basements of public buildings. Later on, special facilities were built to house them when overcrowding became an issue. Long before the advent of modern psychology, and psychoanalysis developed by Sigmund Freud and accompanying psychiatric drugs, far more than just the mentally ill were housed in these institutions known as sanatoriums or insane asylums.

Wardens lumped all types together—hundreds to thousands of individuals—including epileptics, the homeless, imbeciles, habitual criminals, war veterans dealing with post-traumatic stress disorder, as well as the mentally insane. Bethlem Royal Hospital in London is the world's oldest facility that housed the mentally ill, as far back as 1357.

Back in the 18th century, the public could pay a penny for the privilege of watching the "freaks," as they were called; this gave spectators the chance to poke the caged patients with a long pole. As an indication of what a house of horrors Bethlem Royal Hospital was, the word "bedlam" is derived from its name, but in the middle of the nineteenth century, reformers like Dorothea Dix pushed to improve living conditions and treatment at the facility. Many of these institutions were originally treatment centers for diseases like alcoholism or tuberculosis; however, without federal regulations in place to maintain guidance, many developed sinister reputations for unspeakable neglect and cruelty.



My book *Haunted Asylums* explores the horrendous past of more than fifty mental institutions. Accompanied by stories of alleged hauntings and amazing photographs, and provides a glimpse into a cold, empty, closed world, where "incurables" were sent as a last resort. With no expectation that they would ever return to society, many of them existed according to their ability to work and their manageability. Patients as unpaid labor is what mental institutions across the country kept going at best and as living medical experiments at worst.

In the mid-19th century, Dr. Thomas Story Kirkbride, an influential psychiatrist who served the Pennsylvania Hospital as the superintendent from 1841 to 1883, became famous for creating a humane and compassionate environment for his patients. Dr. Kirkbride influenced how mental hospitals were to be built for years with his book *On the Construction, Organization and General Arrangements of Hospitals for the Insane*, which was published in 1854. The mentally ill were no longer kept like animals as they often were in the years before the Kirkbride model. This reformer believed that beautiful settings restored patients to a more natural "balance of the senses." Dr. Kirkbride's progressive therapies, innovative writings on hospital design, and guidelines for staff management became known as the "Kirkbride Plan," which influenced, in one form or another, almost every American state hospital to improve circumstances for the mentally insane.

Kirkbride's design involved segregating the patients by sex and degrees of illness. The worst, or most insane, were to be kept in the furthest quarters, away from the better patients and to prevent them from escaping. The vast majority of institutions of this type was designed with long infirmary wings that extended off the towering administration building and was dubbed the "bat-wing" design, which meant that there was a main center in each building and then the wings extended right and left, and then angled again so that they ran slightly backward ...like a bat's wings. These majestic buildings are your classic haunted buildings we often see in such horror films as *The House on Haunted Hill* and *Session Nine*, among others that depict insane asylums.

The mere size and atmosphere of the buildings bring to mind these kinds of images. The architecture's foreboding Gothic aesthetic alone will unnerve the visitor even today, but it runs deeper than that. When one considers, for example, these decaying hospitals' former use of less than moral practices, it becomes clear that truth is more unsettling than fiction. In the early years of psychiatric institutionalization, mentally ill patients were subjected to unorthodox cruel treatment and restraints that were said to function as "cures," but were really nothing more than Nazi-styled medical experimentation. For example, state institutions in 1923 saw the birth of the Board of Eugenics, which allowed for the "sterilization of all feeble-minded, insane, epileptics, habitual criminals, moral degenerates, and sexual perverts who are a menace to society." The board reasoned that the gene pool would be stronger if what they termed defective patients were not allowed to breed. As such, sterilization was used as a condition of release from state institutions or as punishment. A total of 65,000 forced sterilizations were performed in the country from 1917 to when the board was finally abolished in 1983. This practice was aided by funding from wealthy American business tycoons such as John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie in the 1920s.

Other barbaric treatments, including patients being confined in restraining devices, solitary confinement, beatings by both brutal wardens and violent inmates, electroshock therapy, untested drug experimentation, and lobotomies, were performed until the 1970s. Electroconvulsive therapy (ECT) is a procedure in which electric currents are passed through the brain, deliberately triggering a brief seizure to cause changes in brain chemistry that can immediately reverse symptoms of certain mental illnesses. Sadly, my research shows that even today, in the U.S. alone, more than 100,000 people are electroshocked every year, the majority of them elderly.

According to the Mayo Clinic, the side effects experienced can include confusion,

memory loss, nausea, vomiting, headache, jaw pain, and muscle aches or spasms. The FDA, explaining that the treatment has so little efficacy and is so obviously damaging—it routinely produces an acute state of delirium and confusion with severe memory loss—said it should be banned in a document that has now been published in many scientific journals.

The writings of Dr. Peter Breggin on ECT can be found in *Brain-Disabling Treatments in Psychiatric: Drugs, ECT and the Psychopharmaceutical Complex, Second Edition* (2008).

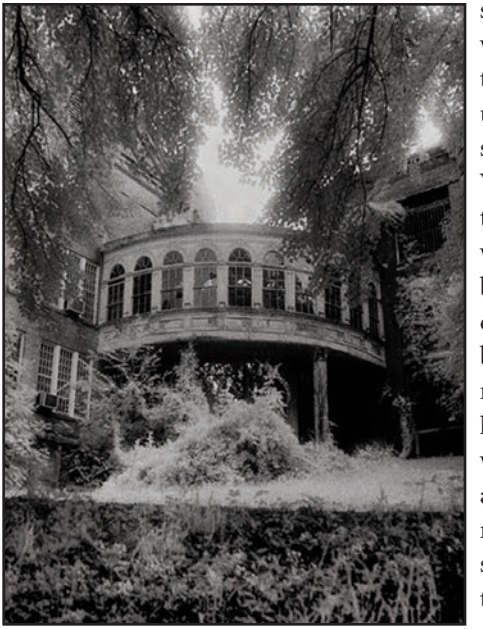
Taunton State Hospital Tunnels in Taunton, MA, photo courtesy of Nan Guzauski

Asylums at this time were more often than not a facade of mental abuse and torture. In the book *Madhouse: A Tragic Tale of Megalomania and Modern Medicine*, author Andrew Scull wrote about the appalling career of Dr. Henry Cotton, superintendent of the Trenton, New Jersey, hospital for the insane in the beginning of the 1900s and how he would extract or amputate any part of the body he felt might be causing the mental issue. The operations were performed without knowledge of the procedure or consent.

Since ancient Greece and Roman times, another method of boring holes into the skulls mental patients, known as trepanning, was practiced for a variety of conditions, including headaches, insanity, and delusions. Still others in Europe believed that insanity was caused by abnormal blood flow. Many of the locations had density chairs and glass jars of teeth, due to the fact it was thought removing them would provide a cure. Also, more of my investigating led to the discovery that inmates were subjected to excessive bloodletting, spinning chairs, and gyrators.

Another growing treatment used by centers in the United States and parts of

the United Kingdom was hydrotherapy, which used water to treat symptoms. In mental hospitals, it was used to treat psychiatric symptoms by soaking the patient in a warm bath because it was thought to have calming effects. Other similar calming techniques included placing a patient in a bath of running cool water over pulse points, such as the wrists and ankles. This was believed to lower the body temperature, calm nerves, and slow the pulse rate.



Taunton State Hospital in Taunton, MA, photo courtesy of Chandra Lampreich

This was only good for the symptom treatment at best, and at worse was abused for deterrent, as you can see in the photo of the tubs in the Norwich and Grafton facility, where rows of cast iron tubs had straightjacket styled covers bolted over them.

Insulin coma therapy (ICT) was a form of psychiatric treatment in which patients were repeatedly injected with large doses of insulin in order to induce comas for weeks. This method was used extensively in the 1940s and 1950s, until it was replaced by psychiatric drugs.

One of my photographers, Ken, who braved more than a few treacherous places said, "In what ways we treat our mentally ill speaks volumes about our society as a whole." You will see through their eyes what remains of both the sad conditions of these buildings, and the remains left behind terrifying in what it reveals about the treatment those poor souls once went through there.

During the 1970s and into the 1980s, a great deal of these old sanatoriums closed. The warehousing of patients in these gigantic, cold institutions began to be used less and less, as patients' rights advocates believed that the mentally ill could be rehabilitated and lead normal lives with more effective psychiatric drugs. One such drug was Thorazine, pioneered in 1954; in the 1970s, new

drugs were given to juvenile delinquents, the elderly in nursing homes, and nearly half of the nation's "mentally retarded" patients, who called it chemical straight jackets or, more commonly, "zombie juice." It was also during this period that Valium became the most prescribed drug in America, as pharmaceutical corporations increased more anti-depressant medications, including Prozac, which soon followed during the 1980s.

As decades passed, the buildings remained silent, packed with vast amounts of patients' old psychiatric evaluation records that were left behind to gather dust and mold, both of which has formed in these forgotten dank basements. According to those who have been brave enough to explore these places, the storage rooms are full with floor to ceiling file cabinets holding clinical analyses regarding patients' drawings and medical records, holding clues to their lives and the procedures they endured.

These records documented thousands of people's lives at the hospital—from the time of admission to their burial—marked by only their patient number on the grounds of the place they were condemned to live and die.

Paranormal investigators and psychic mediums believe that these former patients have left specific imprints of intense thought and emotional energy within these buildings' walls, leaving the places forever haunted.

They say that a picture is worth a thousand words and that may very well be true. From what I have learned about the ugly history of psychiatric progress of mental patients, the horrific details mentioned earlier become even more chilling as you see the empty and forlorn remains of these facilities, whose floors have rotted and caved in to the depths. Many of them have had collapsed walls and ceilings, empty, and echoing only animals' scurrying movements, forgotten until they are happened upon by what is known as the "urban explorer." These urban explorers took the photos for this book, risking their lives and arrest to trespass into these derelict structures.

Today, these abandoned state institutions have been converted into other uses or remain in shambles, waiting to be sold. Many government officials want these vast unused parcels of property to be converted for several reasons, primarily for the value of the property and to rid themselves of potential liabilities. It is a shame that so many of these buildings, which have such a fascinating past, are not restored as historical landmarks due to their significance, but instead become shop-

ping malls and apartment complexes for wealthy developers.

Due to the severity of trauma that the decades of emotionally disturbed inmates experienced, both from their own mental afflictions and forced treatments over the course of their lives prior to their death, paranormal investigators and psychic mediums believe that these former patients have left specific imprints of intense thought and emotional energy within these buildings' walls, leaving the places forever haunted. The residual impressions of the past would certainly be strong in a building where mentally ill people were housed and where, if provable, such psychic disturbances would be common. Hospitals have long been places where the spirits of the dead are said to linger. Are there actually lost and anguished souls trapped within these abandoned buildings? Are they truly the personalities of those who once lived in agony and despair? Or are these feelings simply those of the visitors, projected by the idea of spooky places due to films and campfire tales? The atmosphere of these places alone is more than enough to justify the reports of the apparitions and strange tales of ghostly encounters.

In *Haunted Asylums*, we explore the history behind the infamous Riverside patient Mary Mallon, also known as "Typhoid Mary"; the sordid past of many notorious hospitals and infirmaries, including Danvers State Hospital in Danvers, Massachusetts, whose Gothic and foreboding buildings became both the inspiration and filming location for the movie *Session Nine*, and the Oregon State Hospital, where Jack Nicholson's famous *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* was filmed. So deeply felt to this day is the eerie vibe of such locations that movies continue to be made about them.

If such hauntings really and truly are the residual effects of trauma being imprinted on the final locations of one's life, then certainly such places where terror and insanity were commonplace would be the place for lingering spirits to remain, lost and wandering for eternity. Come, explore the most reputedly haunted asylums with me all the world over. If you dare…

Corvis Nocturnum *author of:* Embracing the Darkness: Understanding Dark Subcultures*, and most recently,* Allure Of The Vampire; Our Sexual Attraction To The Undead. *(For other titles check out www.DarkMoonPress.com)*
www.corvisnocturnum.com

The Haunted Lane, 1889 - Melander & Bro.

What Do You Do When You See a Ghost?

by Loyd Auerbach, M.S.

People have been seeing/experiencing ghosts and hauntings for thousands of years. However, if you watch many of the paranormal TV shows, especially the ghost hunting shows, one might get the impression that no one either acknowledged the reality of the experiences or had tried to help people through them before the advent of cable TV.

Worse still, more and more people interpret experiences that might be paranormal through the lens of what they've been seeing on those shows—a lens created by TV producers. Beyond that, the

expectations they have when they call for "help" because of the shows sets them up for a rude awakening.

So what do you do if you have a ghostly experience? Or find out your house is haunted? Or suddenly experience unexplained physical activity? Should you immediately go to the Internet to find your local ghost hunting group? If you do, what can you expect if they come to your home?

I admit I have somewhat of a bias here, though it's one that has developed based on my own encounters—in person and online—with ghost hunting groups and individuals, many of whom boast of being certified and/or professional, as well as observations of a number of others.

In addition, I have biases in methods of investigation and explaining the phenomena, and methods of resolution. These come from my education in the field of Parapsychology/Psychical Research and from my own experience as a field investigator and the experiences/reports of others in and around my field. I don't dismiss the amateur/hobbyist ghost hunter's findings completely, as there actually are more than a few who have displayed some real knowledge and methodological good sense.

But what's shown on the TV shows is at best the highlights of an investigation (many hours distilled down into 22 minutes or less) and at worst complete distortion of the people's experiences and the process/findings of the investigation. Even the best of my own TV appearances have been subject to the time crunch and editing process, so what ended up on the screen, though often accurate, didn't come close to showing the whole story.

So, you've had or are having an experience you believe might be, or is, paranormal. What do you do now?

First, always start from the position that it's not a paranormal situation, or at the very least that each individual event should be looked at that way.

In the best (most active) cases I've had, most people immediately go on high alert with their senses. Regardless of whether the initial reaction is fear or curiosity, people suddenly start looking for things out of sorts or without immediate explanation after having what they believe is a ghostly encounter. It's normal human nature. However, it means that any investigator needs to look not only at the overall situation as being paranormal/not paranormal, we have to go through individual reported events in a case and look for any and all possible normal explanations before placing that event under the column heading of apparition, haunting or poltergeist (or some other psychic event).

Start by making a list of anything that at first glance you can label as ghostly or psychic in nature. Have everyone in the household do the same thing. Then consider each event separately and actively

look for another explanation.

Things do fall off shelves due to vibrations caused by movement of the house, even from traffic outside the house. Loud music, especially with a lot of bass, can cause objects to vibrate and move about, or pictures to fall off the walls. Sound from exterior sources, including your neighbors, or that guy driving his car down your street with bass booming from the rap music coming through his open windows.

Houses do make noises, as the materials of the house shift, expand and contract, as temperatures or humidity change outside and inside Wind can cause noise effects. Buildings can have odd acoustical issues, where a sound from one part of a room or elsewhere in the house can be amplified or simply carried to other parts of the house. Air density (again, often related to temperature and humidity) can affect this.

Odd lights can be reflected into your windows at night from passing cars.

Electrical appliances do sometimes have shorts or interruptions in power flow.

People forget where they put things , and our memories sometimes mislead us to think something has been moved.

People get sick, through very normal means. People lose their jobs, have fights with spouses, kids, parents, siblings, and friends. People get depressed, have mood swings, migraines, itching, food poisoning, and so much more. This can even happen during actual paranormal activity where they live—this does not mean the ghost/phenomena is responsible.

Dogs and cats seem to space out, staring at nothing, or react to things we can't see as a normal part of their behavior, although they may actually see something we didn't notice or hear something outside the range of human hearing because of a greater sensitivity to sound, even from sources outside the house. They may even smell things we can't notice and react to those. This is normal, and again can be happening during actual paranormal activity.

Do realize that some explanations can be rather bizarre without being paranormal. Look for unusual and rarely seen normal explanations. Parapsychological field and lab researchers have found old and uncovered new unusual explanations, such as the impact of magnetic fields on the brain (causing hallucinations) and the effect of low frequency sound (causing uneasy feelings and things seen out of the corner of the eye).

It's important to understanding what's going on to go through all the possible experiences one is labeling as paranormal and to consider alternative explanations and even throw out those that are somewhat iffy, even if they might just be coincidence.

This process will also help you become the investigator and will cancel out much

of the fear and stress you might be experiencing because you believe the paranormal has invaded your home.

As you end up with whatever does not have an explanation, consider if and how what's left fits into the main categories of ghostly experience:

Apparition: An apparition is our personality (or spirit, soul, consciousness, mind or whatever you want to call it) surviving the death of the body, and capable of interaction with the living (and presumably other apparitions). This is the true definition of a ghost.

Haunting: A location (or object) records information about its history. Our own psychic abilities allow us to pick up certain playbacks of this history, including sightings of people. However, these are recordings, not conscious beings. Also referred to as "place memory" and "residual hauntings."

Poltergeist: Physical effects, such as moving objects, in a situation caused by the subconscious mind of a living agent, generally someone in the household undergoing emotional and/or psychological stress Effects are caused by psychokinesis (PK). These can be very minor effects, including a pattern of "misbehavior" by electronic devices.

Before jumping to the conclusion that you're in some sort of danger, consider whether the activity thus far has been anything worse than you being surprised by something sudden or unusual—like someone jumping out of a closet and saying "Boo" to scare you. In the experience of most of my colleagues and my own experience, it's your own psychological reaction to the activity—or entity—that is going to cause the most harm to you.

The paranormal TV shows often emphasize the sensationalistic perspective that any activity has the capacity to be or become dangerous, evil, or even demonic. The evidence, going back to the 19th century, suggests otherwise. My own experience, in both investigating cases plus speaking to many people about their situations, also indicates that the possibility of something paranormal being harmful or purposely malicious is extremely slim—though the stress of undergoing an unusual experience, especially if you react to the experience with fear, can be harmful.

I suggest that you always question every experience and event in a situation you might believe is paranormal. First assume it's not paranormal and ask the questions that might help you either explain it, or eliminate all other possibilities. Next, always assume it's not going to get worse. If there's a ghost trying to get your attention, know that ignoring him/her could lead to him/her trying harder to get your attention or even communicate. That's not a bad thing.

If you do have an experience, there are resources on the Internet to get you started in understanding what might be

going on, and even resolving your own paranormal problem. The first thing to do is to become informed, but know that all information on the net is not created equal, so consider the source. Start with the following websites/organizations, all of which are linked from my own site, Mindreader.com (*http://www.mindreader.com*).

The Parapsychology Foundation: http://*www.parapsychology.org/*

The Rhine Research Center: *http://www.rhinecenter.org/*

The Society for Psychical Research: *http://www.spr.ac.uk/*

The Parapsychological Association: *http://www.parapsych.org*

Association for Evaluation and Communication of Evidence for Survival: *http://www.aeces.info/*

Forever Family Foundation: *http://www.foreverfamilyfoundation.org*

But why not call the local ghost hunters? What can you expect if you do?

Know that the following is not true for all of them. But be an informed consumer and ask questions of them, especially if they claim certification or being professional or even scientific.

Ask them where they got their certification from, and what that entailed. By what authority did the certifiers offer the certification; in other words, what does being certified even mean? How much education was involved? Testing?

Numerous ghost hunters have offered their own certification to others, but none that I know of have started out with the base knowledge that would even support the certifier offering a decent course, let alone certification.

As for the use of the term "professional," again it's about education and training. Too many of the ghost hunters out there are self-taught, which itself could be a good thing if the sources they utilized were good sources of information. However, too many of them have been trained by watching TV shows and emulating what they see (remember, what they see is run by producers, not by the people who claim to know what they're doing). Being professional to them means they have a website (often with major misspellings, or wording lifted directly from the sites of others, or simply bad, yet oft-repeated, information). It often means they have a team and team name, a logo, and even their own form of training of new people.

The use of the term "scientific" is sometimes the worst offense. Too many people in the paranormal community seem to think that being scientific is about using electronic tools (ghost tech!). Although this is not an idea limited to the paranormal community, as given the state of science education in the U.S., it's a belief shared by too many people.

This is incorrect. Science is about asking questions, making observations, coming up with hypotheses, testing them, gathering data, assessing the data—all of which leads to more questions, hypotheses and data gathering. Not all investigations can be fully scientific, due to so much being based on people's experiences, which cannot be quantified. The use of tech is not itself scientific—it's how one uses the tech, what one does with the data, and how one assesses the data that begins to be scientific.

Much of the gear was designed for other uses, mostly to record environmental conditions. Anomalies in environmental conditions only have context and meaning *if* they relate to the actual experiences of the witnesses. Most of the time the measurements have no relationship.

Some of the gear is relatively new, supposedly designed to detect ghostly energies or help spirits communicate. However, it has not been put through any sort of testing that includes controlled conditions (in non haunted places), and what they get often does not relate directly to the experiences of the witnesses.

There seem to be two main approaches to an investigation by so many of the ghost hunting groups. The main approach involves the group showing up at the client's home, setting up equipment, and spending the night trying to get whatever evidence they can. The next day, they have the "reveal," where they either show the evidence to the clients, or simply give a report. Then they leave.

In other words, they might conclude the place is haunted, that there is a ghost or demonic entity (especially if they get an EVP with a voice saying "Get Out!," no matter how rude the team was to the apparent ghost), but do not provide the clients with any resolution—and often leave them worse off than they were before.

The other approach might include bringing in a sensitive or psychic, but this is rare, and most often the tech trumps any psychic's experience, just as apparently the tech trumps even the clients' experiences. However, in this approach the team does actually try to help the clients, even if they don't have much real knowledge or experience in doing so.

It's important that you ask questions regarding the methods they use, and what you, the client, will get out of their investigation. It's also important to ask about confidentiality, if that's important to you. Too many of the teams are focused on the team having a logo, and shirts with the logo, and even signs on their vehicles. Ask about that too, since no confidentiality is assured if several vehicles show up at your home with big logos on them, and the folks unloading equipment have shirts and jackets plastered with "ghost" or "paranormal" logos.

One other thing to watch for: team members being introduced to you by role

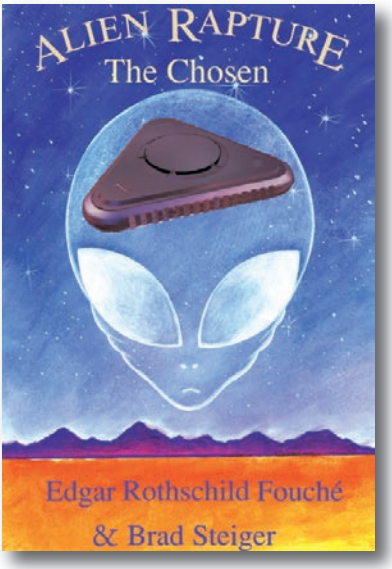
(the "director/team leader," the "equipment manager," the "team skeptic," and so on). In actuality, everyone on a team should take multiple roles, even if someone might be more tech-savvy. The exception would be someone who is introduced as a psychic, medium or sensitive. Although too many sensitives I've met are emotionally sensitive, not psychically.

All in all, armed with good information from good sources, you can actually be your own ghostbuster. But if you'd rather not, be sure to ask many questions to be sure that whoever you're inviting into your home to help you out has the knowledge they profess to have. Ask lots of questions about education, methodology, past investigative experiences, connections to the field of Parapsychology /Psychical Research, successes and failures, and so on. I am never insulted when people do this with me. In fact, I encourage them to do so. I've heard from numerous people that the local ghost hunters became annoyed and even hung up on them when asked such background questions.

Remember that 30 years of bad investigative methods without a foundation of knowledge only makes them experts at….bad investigations and false conclusions.

One last item: on my website, *Mindreader.com* are lots of free articles to get you started.

Feel free to contact me if you have questions, *profparanormal@gmail.com*



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Old City Jail

Charleston's Old City Jail and the Truth About Lavinia Fisher

by Sarah Agre

Charleston, South Carolina, founded in 1670 has been witness to lots of amazing history. The entire city has a strange and enchanting vibe to it. This could be because many structures in town are built over cemeteries, with only the headstones being removed. It is a city filled with the dead.

Located on 21 Magazine Street, the Old City Jail is a testament to the barbarism of the colonial justice system. On a sweltering hot summer evening I had

the opportunity to tour the prison. During this tour I learned of the many horrors and injustices that befell prisoners in the building.

It was also the first time I was exposed to the true story of Lavinia Fisher. Lavinia's story has managed to get very muddled up in the outlandish legend that people tell about her. This tall tale has been floating around Charleston for years, and in recent times has made its way onto many TV shows, including *Ghost Adventures*. Lavinia's legend also appears to be a favorite story of local ghost tour guides. The previous night, I had been on a ghost tour where the guide, with wild hand gestures, explained just how deranged Lavinia was.

Although there are countless versions of the legend, it goes something like this: In 1819, John Fisher and his wife Lavinia owned the Six Mile House, located six miles north of Charleston. Merchants traveling to and from Charleston were frequent guests of this inn. On the way out of town merchants had empty carts and pockets full of cash. These people were the primary victims of the Fishers. Lavinia would invite these merchants to stay at the inn and to have dinner with her and her husband. During the dinner she would charm them with her beauty and grace, while getting the victim to talk about themself to find out if anyone was going to miss them. At this dinner Lavinia would give the unsuspecting victim a cup of tea.

After dinner the victim would head upstairs to lay down in their bed, as they began to feel the effects of the oleander tea, which is a deadly poison. Later, when Lavinia had felt enough time had passed, a trap door would open up on the bed and the victim would slide down into the basement. John would then proceed to see if the victim was still alive. If the oleander tea had not yet killed them, he would butcher the victim.

One of Lavinia's victims became suspicions at dinner one night. The dinner conversation seemed strange. He took a small sip of the tea and thought it tasted odd, so he only pretended to drink the rest. In his room upstairs he was feeling so unnerved by the situation that he decided to sit up all night in a chair. Some hours later the trap door on the bed was activated. The intended victim witnessed this, and then managed to flee into town and alert the authorities.

The authorities arrived at the Six Mile House and arrested John and Lavinia. When the premise was searched the basement was discovered to be filled with bodies. The Fishers were imprisoned at the Old City Jail. Because they were caught red-handed they were quickly sentenced to death by hanging.

At the execution John Fisher professed his innocence and blamed everything on his wife. Lavinia decided to make a spectacle of herself during the execution. She wore her wedding dress and viciously struggled as they took her up to the platform. As the minister attempted to save

her soul, she cursed and raved at him. Finally she loudly proclaimed her last words, "If you have a message you want to send to hell, give it to me—I'll carry it." Suddenly, she jumped from the platform, taking her own life.

This story is fantastical and embellished. Stories such as this seem to pop up all around famous hauntings. For some reason, many ghost hunters take them at face value and make no effort to discover if the story has any validity.

Lavinia's real story begins with the times she lived in. Even though the Bill of Rights had been in place since 1789, in 1819 judges and other enforcers of the law still chose to mostly ignore the existence of this document. In the city of Charleston, colonial justice was still being used and that involved two forms of punishment: corporal or death. The Old City Jail opened in 1802 and was one of the first five reform prisons in the country.

Although reform prisons were supposed to be distancing themselves from colonial justice, that is not what happened at this prison. The most common offense people were imprisoned for at this jail was disorderly conduct. The sentence for that offense was usually two weeks. During their stay, prisoners were treated to beatings, while restrained in a device called the triangle. Prisoners referred to the device as the crane of pain. This punishment always took place outside, so other people could view it. The feet of the prisoner were strapped to the ground and their hands were placed in slipknots, so that it would get tighter as they struggled. Prison guards then pulled on the ropes for hours in an attempt to dislocate the victim's arms. While in this device the prisoners were beaten with a cat o' nine tails; the knots located every few inches on the whips served to peel the flesh from the recipient's back.

The open wounds on the prisoners often turned fatal due to the conditions inside of the prison cells. Concrete floors were covered with wood shavings. In the early years prisoners were expected to sleep on and use the shavings as a bathroom. People at this prison lived much like hamsters. The most violent prisoners were kept chained to the floor. This included the mentally disabled because there was no insane asylum in town. Another travesty is that women prisoners were not separated from the general prison population during their stay. That made life at the Old City Jail a special kind of hell for women.

There were larger cells that held up to ten people, but usually many more prisoners than that were kept in them. Another kind of cell was a small cage that even two people would not be very comfortable in. During the Civil War as many as eleven people were kept in those cages. By far the most luxurious cell to be locked in was the debtors' prison cell. It was considered the gentlemen's quarters and they

Back of Old City Jail

were given hammocks to sleep on. The hammocks were taken away after the prisoners kept strangling each other with them. Not only were the people who could not pay their bills kept in this cell, but also the people who witnessed crimes. Locking up crime witnesses made certain they would be in court. Luckily, at that time many trials would occur as quickly as only a few hours after the crime took place.

Another horrific punishment at this prison was the hot box. It was an iron coffin. When prisoners were placed in it during the summer they would cook to death in the sizzling heat. Many prisoners who managed to make it out of the death trap that was the Old City Jail would bear permanent markings of their ordeal. Some prisoners were branded with the first letter of their conviction. Others simply had their right hand burned. This is how the tradition of raising a right hand while swearing on the Bible in court came about. People in the courtroom would know if a person was a criminal if their right hand was burned.

The treatment of cropping was also used for prisoners. Parts of ears and even the nose could be cut off, as part of a punishment. Life expectancy at this prison was around two months, with many small-time offenders not even living through their allotted two-week sentence. It is thought that as many as 10,000 people died at the Old City Jail. All of this

boils down to the fact that at the time Lavinia Fisher was imprisoned, human life was not valued very highly.

So what really happened to John and Lavinia Fisher? In reality, a completely different story from the legend is what unfolded in the days before John and Lavinia Fisher were arrested.

In February of 1819, an angry mob set out from Charleston in an attempt to put an end to merchants getting robbed traveling to and from town . Not a single robbery victim could identify their attackers. The fear of the townspeople was that if merchants continued to be robbed, they would take their business to a different town.

The first location that the mob arrived at was the Five Mile House owned by William Hayward. Dealing out mob justice, they demanded that everyone in the Five Mile House vacate. Of course people in the Five Mile House did not want to leave on the whim of a mob, so they resisted. In retaliation the mob burned the building down.

The mob moved on to the Six Mile House, and everyone in that building immediately fled the mob. From their location they could see that the Five Mile House was on fire and did not want to meet the same fate. After the angry mob went back to town, the occupants returned to the Six Mile House, joined by William Hayward.

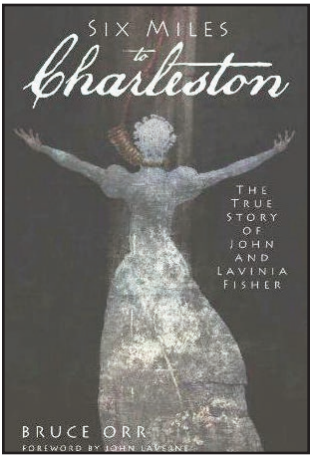
David Ross, a member of the vigilantes was left to stand guard over the inn. According to David, the group attacked him and beat him unmercifully. He managed to escape them and run into the woods, just as shots were fired at him. Keep in mind even if this account were true, this man was trespassing inside of their business and was one of the people who unlawfully threw the guests out. Many people would have had a similar reaction to David Ross.

A few hours later John Peoples was leaving Charleston and stopped near the Six Mile House to give his horse water. He was then beaten and robbed by a gang of 12 people. His return to town and sworn statement, along with that of David Ross's, prompted Sheriff Nathanial Greene Cleary to finally go to the Six Mile House and begin making arrests. John and Lavinia Fisher, along with three other people, were arrested that night. The sheriff did a quick search of the house, finding only a cowhide that a neighbor claimed must have been from their cow that had been stolen. After searching the Six Mile House and finding no evidence of robberies or murders, the sheriff burned the building to the ground.

At a later time William Hayward was also arrested. Charges ended up being dropped on everyone, except for Hayward and the Fishers. The only crime that was sent to trial and convicted on was assault

on David Ross, with the intent to murder. Hayward skipped on his bail and was on the run, so only the Fishers went on trial. With their lawyer John Davis Heath, John and Lavinia pleaded not guilty. Even so, the jury convicted them, but John Heath did his best to appeal the charges.

After the trial John and Lavinia were sent back to jail to see if the case would be appealed or if they would be sentenced. Finally, many months later, they were summoned for sentencing, with Judge Gantt. They were sentenced to be hanged for the crime of highway robbery. This is a highly strange turn of events, because that was not even the charge they were convicted of at the trial. Was their trial just for show, if the judge could just randomly change the charges that they were convicted of?



The execution of John and Lavinia Fisher took place February 18th, 1820, in Marion Square. Contrary to the legend, Lavinia did not wear her wedding dress to the execution. Both John and Lavinia had loose white garments on over their clothing. John, although deeply troubled by his impending doom, climbed up the platform to the noose on his own. Lavinia, on the other hand, began throwing a tremendous fit. She had to be carried to the noose. There she alternated between professing her innocence, begging the crowd to save her, and cursing the governor for hanging a woman. The sheriff held a piece of paper in his hand, and Lavinia thought it was the pardon from the governor she had been hoping for. After the sheriff informed her that she had no hope of a pardon and was really going to die, Lavinia stopped her crazed fit. The Fishers were silent as the hangman placed hoods over their heads. Soon after that the platform dropped from beneath them. Lavinia died instantly, but John took awhile to slowly strangle to death. Later that year in August at the Old City Jail, William Hayward also met his fate at the end of a noose.

What happened to John and Lavinia was convoluted. Author and retired police detective Bruce Orr of Charleston spent three years researching this case. He released a book titled *Six Miles to Charleston: The True Story of John and Lavinia Fisher*. Orr believes that the Fishers and William Hayward were all innocent. It is highly suspect that only the property owners were executed. In the book he theorizes that political corrup-

tion is the most likely reason why those three people were executed.

Orr's first suspect in political corruption was the governor of South Carolina, John Geddes. He theorizes that Geddes wanted the land owned by the Fishers and William Hayward to convert for military use. If that was what Geddes was up to, he got his wish many years after this event. The Charleston Naval Hospital is located right where the Six Mile House once stood. Geddes was a corrupt person. He even made his own son stand in for him during a duel. At one point the governor became involved in a land scam when he attempted to buy Key West, Florida.

In the window he saw the ghost of a woman staring out at him and his patrol partner.

The other suspect brought forth in the book was the sheriff, Nathanial Greene Cleary. Around the time of this event, he was coming up for reelection and needed someone to blame for the merchants being robbed. The Fishers were ultimately hanged for John Peoples' complaint of being robbed. That turned out to be a rather sketchy affair. Peoples could not identify any of his attackers. He was from Augusta, Georgia, and did not really know the names of anyone from Charleston. The names at the bottom of his statement were written in a suspiciously different handwriting from the rest of the statement. Furthermore, Orr also explores in his book that fact that John Fisher mentioned that durint the identification line-up for Peoples, Fisher could hear the sheriff informing the victim of everyone's name. If Sheriff Cleary was looking for reelection through the conviction of the Fishers, it did not work—he ended up losing anyway.

In the end it appears that the true story of Lavinia Fisher is that she was an innocent victim of a corrupt system. She was not America's first female serial killer, as many people claim.

Today the Old City Jail is an architecture college called the American College of the Building Arts. Students still see Lavinia's ghost.

My tour guide even had an encounter with her in 1994, when he was a horse patrol police officer. It was June around 6:00 pm when his horse suddenly threw him, as he passed the Old City Jail. As he got up off the ground, he noticed that the horse was looking fearfully in the window on the top floor of the jail. In the window he saw the ghost of a woman staring out at him and his patrol partner.

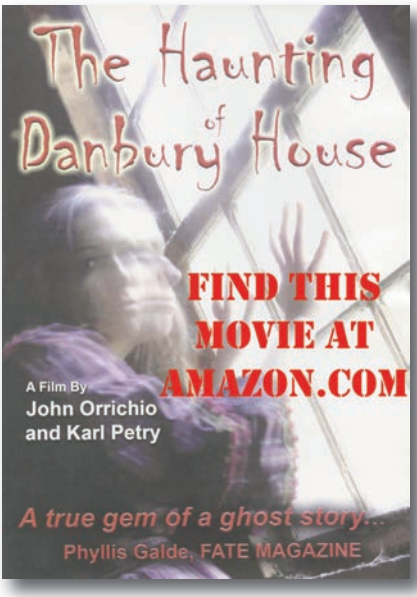
Not believing his eyes, he questioned if his partner could see it too. The partner did see it and they decided to promptly leave. The most compelling detail about this account is that the window where Lavinia was seen has no floor below

it, so it would be impossible for any normal, corporeal person to be looking out of that window.

Being executed is a dreadful way to die, even for the guilty. It becomes much worse when the person is innocent of the crime. Lavinia has many reasons to be haunting the Old City Jail.

Besides being executed, Lavinia had to deal with an irreparably tarnished reputation. She was also imprisoned in that jail for a year; horrific things must have happened to her even before the execution. After her death an even worse injustice befell her. Lavinia was interred in a potter's field cemetery for the poor. That cemetery was eventually built over, and now her grave is now located under a hospital with an entire wing named after the judge who sentenced her to death.

"Injustice is censured because the censures are afraid of suffering, and not from any fear which they have of doing injustice."
—Plato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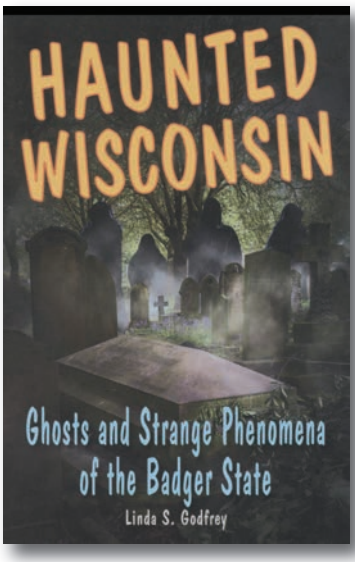


Haunted Wisconsin:
Ghosts and Strange Phenomena of the Badger State

by Linda S. Godfrey

Stackpole Books, Mechanicsburg PA, 2010, softcover, 122 pages, $10.95

Linda Godfrey once again explores the weirdness of Wisconsin. This time instead of concentrating mostly on the werewolf phenomena that she is famous for researching, she discusses ghosts. The book contains 53 locations from all parts of the state, and it is a great way to become familiar with the quirky state of Wisconsin. Some famous hauntings that are covered in the book include the state capital building, Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin home, and the Summerwind Mansion.

Godfrey also includes stories that cover other strange happenings around the state. In La Crosse, sightings of a bat man like creature are discussed; many people felt that these sightings were of Mothman. One morning aliens in a spaceship visited a man in Eagle River and gave him some pancakes.

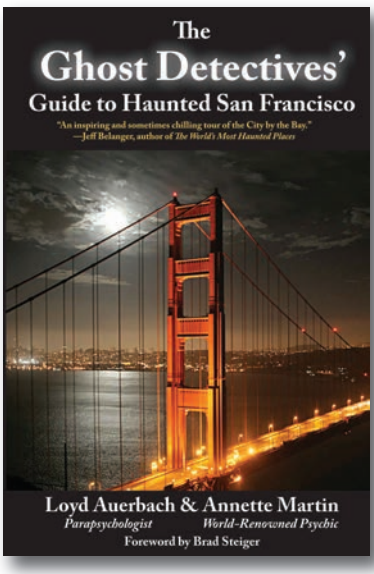
Overall this book is a very fascinating read. One thing that is missing that would help readers follow along better would be a map of the state showing how Godfrey had divided it up into sections and to also help people that are not familiar with the many little towns scattered throughout the state.

The Ghost Detectives' Guide to Haunted San Francisco

by Loyd Auerbach & Annette Martin

Craven Street Books, Fresno CA, 2011, softcover, 137 pages, $14.95

Books reviewed in this column **are not sold by FATE.** To purchase these books, please try your local bookstore, contact the publisher, or try an online bookstore such as *amazon.com* or *barnesandnoble.com*.


The
Ghost Detectives'
Guide to Haunted San Francisco
"An inspiring and sometimes chilling tour of the City by the Bay."
—Jeff Belanger, author of The World's Most Haunted Places
Loyd Auerbach & Annette Martin
Parapsychologist
World-Renowned Psychic
Foreword by Brad Steiger

Loyd Auerbach and Annette Martin explore haunted locations around the city of San Francisco. Unlike many other guidebooks to hauntings, they cover only six locations in the book, but those locations are covered in extreme detail. Readers will learn about the history of each place and the paranormal investigation conducted by Auerbach and Martin. Auerbach looks at each investigation with his experience as a trained parapsychologist and Martin uses her abilities as a medium. The result is a scientific investigation, with a medium that can give a lot of detail about the ghosts.

Locations covered are the Queen Ann Hotel, Mansions Hotel, Presidio Officer's Club, Chinatown, Alcatraz, and the Moss Beach Distillery Restaurant.

A very captivating incident in the book occurs when Martin channels a ghost at the Queen Ann Hotel. The ghost, named Mary, gives a lot of information about the history of the building and why she is choosing to stay there. At many locations in the book Martin is also witness to residual hauntings; this is especially true in Chinatown and Alcatraz.

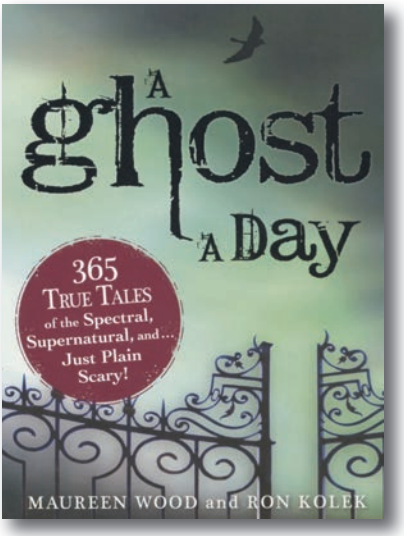
At the back of the book is a very useful section for travelers. It includes a map and important tourist information about the locations that are open to the public. The paranormal investigations by the authors give a unique perspective on the haunted locations that is not normally found in a haunted location guidebook. Do not miss this enthralling and enlightening book!

A Ghost A Day

by Maureen Wood and Ron Kolek

F+W Media, Inc., Avon MA, 2010, softcover, 372 pages, $14.95

Love reading ghost stories? Short on time? *A Ghost A Day* is the answer to your conundrum. This handy book breaks up interesting ghost stories into a format that is easily digested in less than five minutes



a day. Some of the stories fall into the category of urban legend, but that does not deter from how fascinating they are.

The ghost stories included in this book range from old stories to recent happenings. Some of the recent stories even cover famous haunts like Sylvia Brown's Sunnyvale, California, Toys R Us ghost hunt. These spooky tales even encompass international hauntings including the haunting of Britain's M6 motorway. Motorists on the M6 see everything from eyes peering out of bushes along the road to apparitions of Roman soldiers.

Another fun part of the book is the "terrifying tidbits" scattered throughout the book. The tidbits are small facts that give the readers more insight into the realm of ghosts. So if you enjoy short little ghost stories, then be sure to pick up a copy of *A Ghost A Day*.

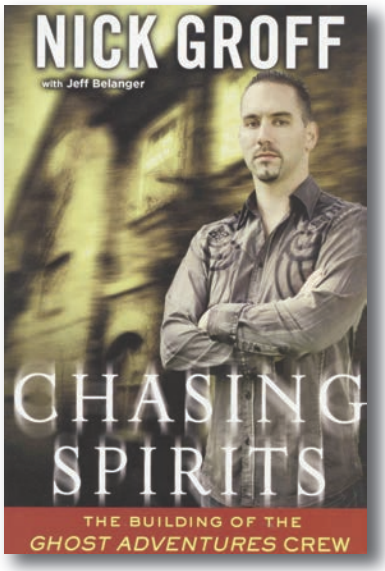
Chasing Spirits:
The Building of The Ghost Adventures Crew

by Nick Groff and co authored with Jeff Belanger

New American Library, New York, NY, 2012, softcover, 257 pages, $16.00

Love the TV show *Ghost Adventures*? If so this is the book for you. It is written in first person by Nick Groff and starts with an account of his childhood. During that childhood he had a near death experience and a paranormal encounter. The book quickly moves on to his time in college and what led him to the *Ghost Adventures* TV show.

Personal insights are given in this book and include many interesting topics like how he met Zak Baggins and Aaron Goodwin. What happened that night while filming their documentary in the Goldfield Hotel that led to one of the best examples of paranormal activity ever captured on film? What financial hardships did Groff suffer through with his wife to put the original documentary movie together? How did the three members of the team manage to strike a deal with the Travel Channel to get the show? The book also contains notable behind-the-scenes information about the early



episodes in the TV series.

Nick Groff gives an in-depth description of the apparition that approached him at the Linda Vista hospital. Readers will learn how this event deeply impacted him. Find out why there is no video footage of the event, even though he was holding a video camera in his hand that was recording while this ghost approached him. Some special features in the book are a section in the center of the book with photos and, scattered throughout are answers to the questions fans ask.

By the end of this book the reader will feel like they know Nick Groff very well. The reader will also feel that they learned some interesting things about paranormal research, even though the *Ghost Adventures* crewmembers are professional filmmakers that came into the world of ghost hunting through the documentary they created. This book did have some truly exciting moments that may appeal to readers unfamiliar with the show.

Haunted Salem:
Strange Phenomena in the Witch City

by Rosemary Ellen Guiley

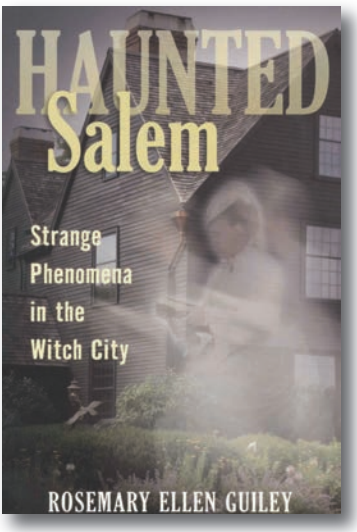
Stackpole Books, Mechanicsburg, PA, 2011, softcover, 138 pages, $12.95

This book is not entirely a list of haunted places or a travel guide to Salem. The first 52 pages contain a section titled, "How Salem Got its Ghosts" and is filled with fascinating information. The history of the town is explained and curses are discussed.

After the explanation of curses, Guiley goes on to connect the witch trial victims to known curses. She also explores the aftermath of how the curse of killing innocent people impacted the town and the accusers who participated in sending witch trial victims to their deaths.

Other useful information covered in this section includes information about ghosts and ley lines traveling through Salem and how they correlate with strange events.

When Guiley discusses the haunted locations, they are neatly organized in sec-



tions such as lodging and eating establishments. This will help the people using the book as a guide around town to easily locate the haunted places.

The book is handy for travelers because it mostly sticks to haunted locations accessible to the public. Locations covered include Gallows Hill, the House of the Seven Gables, the Joshua Ward House, and St. Mary's Cemetery.

Real Ghosts, Restless Spirits, and Haunted Places

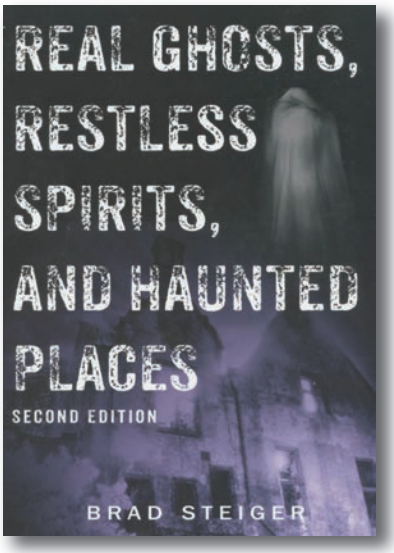
by Brad Steiger

Visible Ink Press, Canton, MI, 2013, softcover, 678 pages, $24.95

In this vast collection of true ghost stories, author Brad Steiger has gone out of his way to use only real ghost stories and not drift into the realm of urban legend. This book also features many pictures, including some of real ghosts. Included in the stories are some of Steiger's personal paranormal investigations, as well as investigation accounts from other researchers.

Each of the 29 different chapters different ghost story themes. Out of all the different chapters I found the "Strange Beings that Masquerade as Humans" to be the most captivating. Stories from that chapter were particularly creepy. One story was about a woman who encountered a spirit pretending to be her boyfriend. This spirit kept calling her on the phone and trying to get her to meet it in locations outside of town. Another tantalizing story was about a man that walked into his usual tobacco store and encountered five otherworldly beings. They looked odd and were dressed in clothing not fitting this time period. After the group walked out of the store they vanished into thin air in the parking lot at 2:00 in the afternoon. The witness confronted the store clerk about the conversation he heard her having with the beings, and the clerk had a really hard time recalling the conversation that happened moments before.

The appendix at the end of the book is a list featuring some major cities around



the country with a bulleted list of paranormal phenomena that occurs in the listed cities. At 678 pages this book may look intimidating to some readers, but it is worth the read. Tackle the book one chapter at a time and discover some new tales of encounters with spirits.

Ghosts on the Underground

Documentary coming soon to DVD, Polar Media http://www.polarmedia.co.uk/#TELEVISION

This fascinating documentary aired on TV in the UK a few years ago. Since that time, the documentary has been viewed around the world and become rather popular. In honor of the 150th anniversary of the construction of London's underground subway system, Polar Media has decided to release this TV special on DVD.

The film's music really helps to capture the mood the filmmakers want to portray. The camera work for this documentary is delightful, especially the shots of moving down the station hallways. Fascinating information about ghostly encounters on the Underground is included.

Employees of the underground share their unique paranormal experiences. The filmmakers also use sound expert Vic Tandy to document the levels of infrasound in areas of high paranormal activity. Infrasound is low-frequency sound below human hearing levels, from 20 hertz and lower. Vic Tandy is the leading researcher on how infrasound can cause-what people perceive to be ghostly encounters. Infrasound is known to create uneasy feelings and even cause people to see shadowy figures out of the corners of their eyes.

It is no secret as to why the underground seems to be one of the most haunted places in the world. During the construction of the tunnels, many crypts and cemeteries were disturbed. That practice continues to this day with every expansion of the tunnels. Other factors that add to the paranormal activity include train accidents, worker accidents, and even victims of the London Blitz.

Most of the ghost sightings seem to

happen to employees after the stations close. Security camera operators have seen figures on the cameras, but employees at the station looking for the reported person cannot see anything. One worker saw a woman with blonde hair, in a white dress, with no face. An employee doing a tunnel check encountered an older man with a gas lantern and had a conversation with him, not realizing it was a ghost.

After closing at the Bethnal Green station, an employee doing office work heard children starting to cry, followed by women screaming. This incident went on for 15 long minutes and is believed to be the residual sounds of the 173 people crushed to death at that station during the London Blitz. This documentary connected most of the paranormal activity reported to real historical events.

Two different photos with anomalies taken in the Underground were examined in the film. A few different legends of the underground were even discussed near the end of the film. This DVD is definitely worth the purchase, even though the film is only 45 minutes long. Lovers of ghost stories will truly enjoy the film. The trailer for the film can be found at:

https://vimeo.com/polarmedia/review/69325545/926ad10339